THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. III, NO. 8 NEW YORK, MONDAY, AUGUST 21, 1944 NUMBER 1551

Victory Soon or Later

Although dispatches from the Western Front have been deliberately vague, we scarcely needed General Eisenhower's message to his troops to know that in August we shall either win a great victory against the Germans or succeed merely in pushing them back so that victory will be, not less certain, but delayed. Apparently, as this is written the German Seventh Army is almost if not completely surrounded, and the correspondents are talking of the possibility of another Stalingrad. Even more than this may be at stake. We shall know when the battle clouds lift. Similarly, the Russians, who have been slowed down on the Eastern Front as they approached the German border, may at any moment come through with moves on a larger and more decisive scale.

While hopes are rising about the progress of the war in Europe, we hear encouragement also from the Pacific. Admiral Nimitz may have to move his headquarters closer to the firing line. He hints that while Japan must be occupied, she may be forced to surrender without an actual land invasion. If so, the war in the Pacific would be shortened by many months.

Land v. Sea Strategy

Nothing in this war is more striking than the contrast between the essentially land-bound strategy of the Russians and the essentially sea-bound strategy of the Western Allies; and the fact that in the long view, the failure of both the Germans and Japanese can be traced to their inability to work out a similar integrated system of strategy.

We have had several demonstrations of the point this week. The Japanese captured Hengyang, which gives them, or should give them, the last link in that long desired chain of overland transportation down the China coast from the producing lands of the south to the manufacturing centers of the north. Theoretically, this liberates them from the necessity of using the bridge of boats which has developed so many gaps in the last two years, and so it might in practice if the railroad were in working order. But the line has been achieved just at the moment when it is of comparatively little use—when the B-29's are already hitting the manufacturing centers and the United States has established a naval base as near Tokyo as Puerto Rico is to Washington.

Would concentration of Japanese effort either on the sea front against America or the land front against China have made a difference? It is hard to prove the point from any detail or collection of details; but the fact that the Germans are in deep trouble as the result of a similar dispersion of effort strongly suggests that it would.

The same week that saw Hengyang go down saw the Allied offensive in the West make all the best U-boat bases untenable and capture two of them, and Messrs. Churchill and Roosevelt seized the occasion to announce that some 500 submarines had been sunk. Even if this figure has to be discounted by 20 percent (and similar figures stood at fully as heavy a discount in the last war), this represents a prodigious loss of war potential —of men and machine-power, and above all, of officer personnel of the highest and most urgently needed type.

CONTENTS

The Week 203

Editorial

The Key to World Security 207

General Articles

The Truth About the PAC . Sidney Hillman 209
Reconversion: People or Property . Helen Fuller 211
How We Trained for D Day . . . . . Lt. Bruce Bliven Jr. 213
Longo, Biddle and Hague . Willard Wiener 216
But First, a Brief Message from Jeremiah (verse) . . . . . Donald Barr 217
Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 218
What Maisie Knows . . . . Stark Young 219
To Be and Not to Be . . . Manny Farber 220
The Bandwagon 221

Correspondence 221

Books in Review

A Knight of the Infinite . . W. H. Auden 223
The Bhagavad Gita . . . . Stark Young 224
"His Majesty's Opposition" . Agnes Smedley 224
An Expert on Italy . . George de Santillana 227
Multum in Parvo . . . . Margaret Mead 228

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1944, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49 ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russian Land Warfare

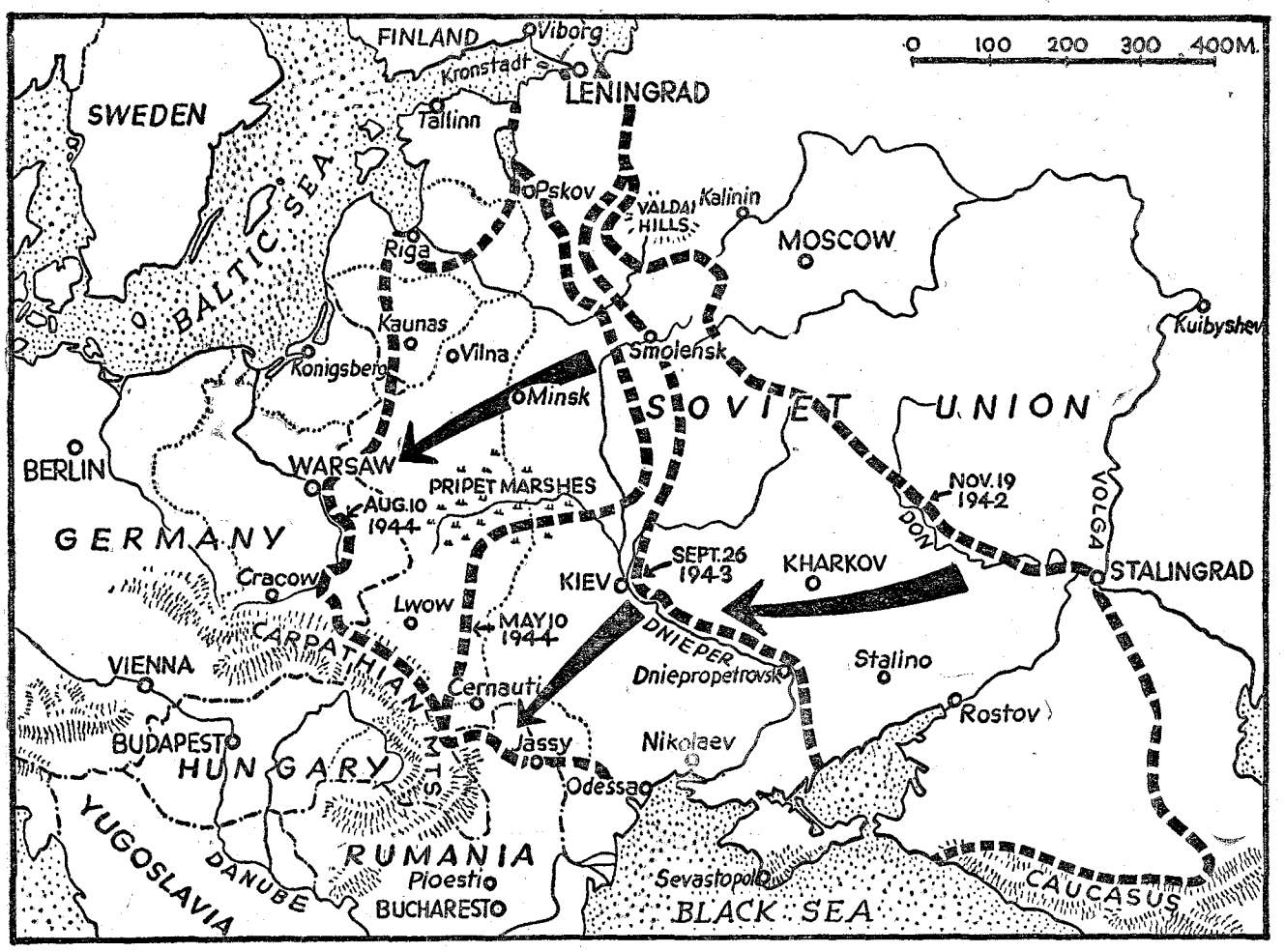
Would not these men, these machines, have made a difference if devoted to the war on land? The story of the Russian counter-attack from the date of Stalingrad is essentially that of a strategy in which all men and machines were devoted to the war on land. Note how each of the successive Russian attacks has always been at the center of the line, far from the seaport cities; how they have been left to the last, isolated, captured during the mop-up stage. It is as true today and with regard to the Baltic states as it was in the great sweep after Stalingrad or the offensive of last fall.

Partly, no doubt, this is due to the fact that the Russian fleets both in the Baltic and the Black Sea seem to have been pretty well knocked out in the early stages of the campaigns. There have been denials from Moscow that the battleship Marat was finished by German bombers off Kronstadt, as the Nazis claimed; there has been a poetic little tale of the work of the light cruiser Tashkent during the last days of Sevastopol, but this is about all. The Baltic fleet, if it still existed in shape for combat, should certainly be able by now to interrupt the iron-ore traffic with northern Sweden and to prevent any Dunkirks from Reval, Hango and even Memel, but there is not a sign of its doing anything of the kind.

In fact, the Russian naval strategy, or rather the lack of it, has been simply inconceivable to an Anglo-Saxon mind. Even the matter of amphibious warfare seems to have been neglected by these students of war who have refined every other detail. Every effort to enter the Crimea by amphibious operations failed, and the feat was only accomplished by some engineers of the land army who got through some of the shallow reaches of the Sivash Sea with special sledges, which thereupon became the foundations for a bridge.

Anglo-American Strategy

The point is that Stalin and the men who are helping him direct the military destinies of the Soviet, have concentrated all their effort on land warfare. We in the West have similarly, partly by accident it is true, achieved a similar concentration on the sea. All the successful Allied offensives have been from the sea inward and most successful when they were nearest the shore. Even today this shows up in the news from France. The German general Hausser there is fighting a des-



The Russian Counter-attack

Since von Paulus failed at Stalingrad, the lines have steadily moved west; but the main movement has always been at the center, far from the seaport cities, to which the Germans have managed to cling to the last. The Western Allies find the Soviet Union's failure to use cheap and efficient water transport curious, but it is an essential part of the structure of a strategy that has proved one of the two most successful in the prosecution of the war.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perate struggle whose chief characteristic, from his point of view, is a shortage of reserves. He appears to have drawn in some of those from the Pas-de-Calais area, but nowhere near all, nor all those available elsewhere in France. Why not? Because there are still Anglo-American armies to come; they are, in a practical sense, on the sea, and while we have control of the sea, they will be able to make an unprotected flank out of any spot from which he withdraws the reserves.

Against Senator McCarran

Progressive Democrats in Nevada can serve their country well by voting against Senator Pat McCarran in the primary on September 5. Senator McCarran is on most points an ultra-conservative. He has been a consistent isolationist. He voted wrong, by progressive standards, on 11 out of 18 measures listed in the latest New Republic chart. He voted against continuing the NRPB, against more money for soil conservation, against the TVA, against federal subsidies, in favor of an inadequate tax bill and against cloture on the poll-tax issue. The United States Senate can well spare Senator McCarran.

Osmena and the Philippines

Sergio Osmena has succeeded to the presidency of the Philippine Commonwealth at an opportune time. Osmena is perhaps not as strong a leader as was Manuel Quezon, the late president, nor is he so wily a politician. But of all the members of the Philippine government now in the United States, he is the friendliest to the guerrillas now fighting against the Japanese in the hills of Luzon, in Mindanao, and on hundreds of other islands.

The men who lead these guerrilla bands have almost all been recruited from among the lower-ranking officers of the Philippine army. For the most part, they are of pure Filipino blood and have come from the farms or villages of the Islands. These men have been firm in their opposition to the collaborationists in Manila and elsewhere, and were rapidly turning against Quezon for his failure to take a firm stand against the quislings, many of them his former friends and associates.

Turkey's Decision

Turkey's rupture of diplomatic and economic relations with Germany admittedly has some concrete advantages for the United Nations. Germany is deprived of an important propaganda and espionage outlet. She loses an essential source of chromium ore and food products such as cattle, sheep, vegetable oils, dried fruits and wheat. Turkey's naval and air bases may be used to dislodge the enemy from his Aegean outposts which are of some nuisance value to him in disturbing Allied shipping in the Mediterranean.

But Turkey's decision to break with Germany is not due to any particular animosity toward Nazism. The Turks sat on the fence too long. Nor does it represent a triumph of Anglo-American diplomacy. Allied diplomats had failed for years to persuade the Turks to take this step. How anxious the Turks are not to give the impression that they are surrendering their freedom of action may be seen from the fact that in spite of the break with Germany, they have ratified a series of trade agreements which had previously been signed with Germany's satellites, Finland, Hungary and Rumania.

From the military point of view, Turkey is not taking a great risk, even if war should follow. Germany's Balkan armies are already preparing to evacuate, and a punitive expedition is out of question. Her air strength is hardly adequate to do any effective reprisal bombing of Turkish cities. The Turkish move is solely prompted by her desire not to be left out of the peace councils, especially as they affect the future of the Balkan peninsula where the Turks have always been interested in conditions leading to lasting peace.

The Sedition Trial

In Washington, D. C., the sedition trial of some of the country's most notorious prewar pro-fascists has progressed in recent weeks more rapidly than the obstructionist, delaying tactics of defense attorneys and defendants in the earlier stage had led one to expect. This has been due to Judge Eicher's stern application of court rules against trouble makers, ranging from heavy fines for contempt of court to actual dismissal of an attorney. Overruling the objections of the defense to the introduction of almost every item, he made it possible for the government lawyers to bring in a wide variety of documents. Although not directly concerned with any particular crime of any one defendant, these documents outline the wider setting in which the conspiracy of the defendants to undermine the loyalty and morale of our armed forces took place, according to government charges. By admitting this material, the Judge has given the impression that he is inclined toward a broad rather than a narrow interpretation of the Smith Act, under which the defendants are indicted. Of course it remains for the government to prove that each one of the defendants has been in actual physical contact with the Nazi government, its branches or subsidiaries. This the government presumably intends to do in the present phase of the trial.

Taft Against Soldier Vote

Apparently Senator Taft has gone too far. Title Five of the soldier-vote law which he sponsored requiring the army and navy to censor all literature they circulate to the armed forces has aroused so much opposition from all quarters that legislative preparations are being made for its repeal. Army and navy officials have been sitting in conferences with Taft and Senator Theo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dore Green, Democrat from Rhode Island, to draft the substitute measure and presumably all parties will have agreed to the proper interpretation of the new bill before its passage.

Senator Taft might have been able to ride out the storm had not the opinions he expressed on the general subject of the soldiers' vote in a meeting with publishers and army officials been made public. Norman Cousins, editor of The Saturday Review of Literature, who sat in on that meeting, deserves all our thanks for telling what happened there: "He [Taft] said that 75 percent of the soldiers would vote for the President if given a chance. He said he was opposed to voting by soldiers in the national election, since they were out of touch with the country, lacked knowledge of issues and candidates and would quite naturally vote for their Commander-in-Chief."

Now that the cat is out of the bag, Senator Taft will certainly lose the support of fellow Senators who backed his past proposals in all honesty.

Program for Agriculture

The National Farmers' Union, which has been supporting the Kilgore bill for industrial reconversion, has now presented its own five-point plan for postwar agricultural development. The Farmers' Union program would:

Authorize an annual agreement between the government and the individual farmer, covering what he will raise and how and what minimum income he can expect to have underwritten by the government in return.

Force full payment of support prices to farmers by a series of controls on processors or middlemen who try to short-circuit the system.

Establish a two-year support price for cattle, at parity.

Coördinate cattle and hog-marketing facilities and raise standards down the line.

Provide sufficient funds for payment of necessary subsidies.

This practical program deserves prompt study by the administration and an early recommendation to the Congress for action.

Keep the Breakers

Some months ago, as our readers may remember, the army decided to return to private hands the Breakers Hotel, in Palm Beach, Florida, which has been in use as a rehabilitation hospital for wounded soldiers. The move was protested by The New Republic and other periodicals, which pointed out that the climate of the Florida coast and the facilities of this hotel were ideally suited to the needs of disabled soldiers, whether requiring physical or psychological restoration; and that most of the inhabitants of Palm Beach wanted the hospital retained, opposition to it coming from a small group of selfish business men representing railroad and gambling interests. However, General Brehon Somervell drove ahead over all resistance, explaining that the army did not need these additional 1,000 beds or so. He was wrong. Within the past few weeks, the army has begun to acquire more hotels to be turned into hospitals, in Santa Monica, Santa Barbara and other places in California and in Hot Springs, Arkansas. The WAC barracks at Daytona Beach, Florida, has been requisitioned. Unofficial gossip says various hotels in Asheville, North Carolina, may be commandeered. Yet General Somervell continues to cling to his decision about the Breakers, and the patients are being moved to inaccessible and gloomy places in the North. Since the army will have possession of the hotel until December 14, it is still not too late to reverse Somervell's autocratic action.

Dewey and the Depression

Thomas E. Dewey said the other day in a press conference in Pittsburgh:

> The United States simply cannot face another period like the Roosevelt depression, which lasted for eight years, with ten million unemployed continuously from 1933 to 1940, inclusive.

If this is a specimen of the level at which Governor Dewey intends to conduct this campaign, heaven help the United States. The depression began, at least in its visible form, with the stock-market crash in November, 1929, under a Republican President, Hoover, who followed two other Republican Presidents, Coolidge and Harding. When Roosevelt took office in March, 1933, the depression had existed for three-and-a-half years. Banks had been failing at the rate of more than 4,000 a year and the financial situation was so perilous as Hoover left office that every bank in the country was closed that week. The worst phase of the depression was before Roosevelt took office. Between 1933 and 1940, during the years of which Governor Dewey speaks, our national income was doubled. Statistics on unemployment are inadequate, but the total number of unemployed was certainly cut in two.

Mr. Dewey is laying great stress on the fact that he is a young man. Is he trying to make us think he is too young to remember the Hoover depression?

Incident on a Pullman

A friend of The New Republic who has been traveling in the Middle West sends us a report of a train ride between Chicago and New York:

> On my train [he says] was a young seaman from the South Pacific, in the submarine service. He had done four long tours of duty in Japanese waters, without a single furlough. Now he had thirty-three days, and in order not to lose a minute of it, his wife and two small children—a boy of three and a girl of eight months—were traveling with him from Chicago to New York. After three weeks of patient endeavor he had been able to get one upper berth for his wife and the two children, but no Pullman space at all for himself, so that he was planning to sit up

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the day coach. Naturally, as soon as they learned these facts, every male passenger in the car who had a lower berth tried to give it to the sailor's family, and arrangements were also made for a berth for him.

I had bought my lower berth at my hotel two hours before the train left, without the least trouble; one or two other people in the car had also bought space that day; and as it finally turned out, there were several vacant berths on the train. The point is that somebody just didn't want the sailor's family to have a lower berth. They wanted the space kept for people who stay in good hotels and buy through the porter's desk at more than standard rates. They wanted free enterprise and less government interference with business and individual initiative, and all that the traffic will bear. I think it would be wonderful if we could lay our hands on a few of these people and send them on a nice long tour of duty in a submarine, in Japanese waters.

Equal Rights for Women

Both the Republican and Democratic platforms have now endorsed the equal-rights amendment to the Constitution, sponsored over many years by the National Woman's Party. This amendment has in the past been opposed by most liberals, not because they are against equal rights for women, but because they feared it would mean the destruction of a great mass of special legislation, built up over the years, for the protection of women against special industrial hazards. In all this time, the proponents of this legislation have never yet, so far as we know, successfully answered this objection. Now that things seem to be going their way, perhaps they will pay real attention to this serious issue.

Hotel Business as Usual

Mayor LaGuardia of New York figuratively pulled the pin from a hand grenade the other day when he appealed to Americans not to come to New York for a vacation. His reason was that the railroads are overburdened almost to the breaking point, especially the lines leading to the metropolis. But at once, a squawk went up from the hotel owners of New York that could be heard for miles around. They insisted that they have spent money advertising for vacationists; that they can earn bigger profits with summer tourists than without them; and that the Mayor should shut his trap. Their concern seems somewhat surprising in view of the fact that for many months now it has been practically impossible to find a vacant room in any New York hotel and their restaurants and bars are doing a roaring business. We don't suppose the hotel men really mean to be unpatriotic, or to contribute to a breakdown of rail transportation. It is just a case where the pocketbook nerve is more sensitive than the nerve of good and coöperative Americanism. At the same time, we are sure the incident is one that many of them will look back upon with mortification and shame in years to come.

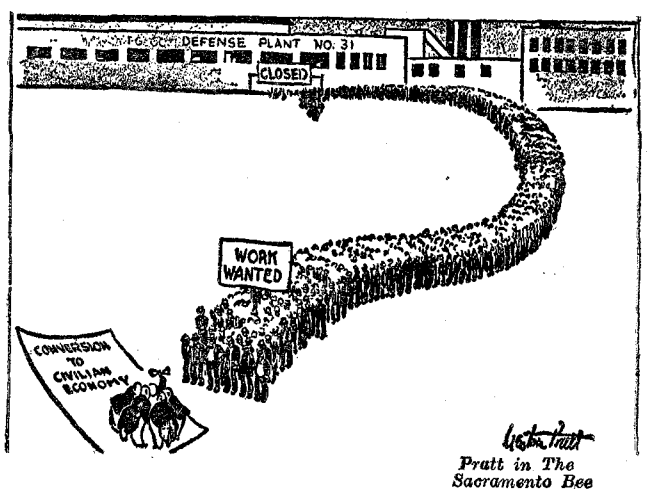
The Key to World Security

ON AUGUST 21 representatives of Great Britain, the Soviet Union and the United States will meet in Washington to lay preliminary plans for the maintenance of peace after the defeat of the Axis. China will be brought into the discussions at a later stage. We assume that these plans will include consideration of joint action, by the Big Four, at least, to deal with any future aggressor. Such plans must involve both the use of military force and the application of economic sanctions. Indeed, if the delegates think, as they should, in terms of prevention rather than cure, and aim to nip in the bud aggressive tendencies on the part of any nation before it becomes powerful enough to involve the world in war, economic sanctions deserve first place on their agenda.

It is almost providential that as the nations confer on this subject they will have before them an object lesson demanding immediate attention, which illustrates many of the problems likely to be involved in any future case of the kind. This is the danger presented by the fascist and militarist government of Argentina. Unless the leaders of postwar international coöperation can deal effectively with this peril, any plan for the future may be heavily discounted.

The fascist government of Argentina has not yet arrived at the point where application of military power is either necessary or justifiable, unless by chance it should offer forcible resistance to other measures. The stage has been reached, however, when the application of an embargo would be effective. The use of this measure of restraint would be a real possibility at the moment if it were not for British objections.

The objections of Great Britain illustrate forcibly one of the chief difficulties to be overcome in any employment of economic sanctions. Britain depends upon Argentina for the import of essential commodities. She also has a large stake in Argentine investment and trade which will become important to her as soon as peace returns. To a smaller extent, this is true of all



Pratt in The Sacramento Bee

"Shaping the Thing to Come"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the other nations which might be involved. It would never be possible to interrupt trade with a nation anywhere in the world without injury to those who do the interrupting. If nations wish to take preventive action to preserve peace, they must be prepared to accept the incidental sacrifices. The real problem in this case, however, inheres in the fact that the sacrifice would be extremely unequal. The United States would suffer relatively little at the moment, and Russia would hardly suffer at all. The necessary conclusion is that if the nations are to endorse a general plan of economic sanctions, they must be prepared to share the sacrifices and to work out the machinery for doing so.

We arrive then at the conclusion that merely political and military agreements for protecting the peace will be meaningless unless they are supported by extensive world economic organization. Such matters are often ignored by those who draft blueprints for international government. For instance, the plan suggested by Walter Lippmann that the world be divided into a number of geographical spheres of influence, each one of which shall be responsible for its own peace, might easily run contrary to the necessities of a case like this. It certainly would be so if his plan contemplated the policing of the American continents by the American nations, since Argentina's trade with Great Britain is the key to the whole situation. As a matter of fact, he proposes an Atlantic Federation of which Great Britain would be a member. Nevertheless, it is easy to imagine another case in which economic action would have to be taken across the lines of the groupings which he does propose.

Another important problem concerns the special difficulties of the nations in the immediate vicinity of the offender nations, which, because of their special dependence on the culprit or their fear of its power, may be reluctant to join in general policing measures. In order to remove their objections, it would be necessary to call into play very close military and economic ties with the great powers.

Certainly no progress can be made in the desired direction as long as there are important economic rivalries among the Big Four themselves. For this reason more significance lies at present in the efforts being made by Great Britain and the United States to deal with possible sources of economic friction than in the more abstract plans for world organization. It is, for instance, of great importance that these two nations have recently reached an agreement about the future of world petroleum trade. The draft published will not of course become effective without ratification by the legislative bodies of the nations concerned, but it seems on the surface to be an excellent plan. It does not involve monopoly of the great markets. It expresses concern with the consumer's interest in prices and production, and it has regard for the interests of the countries in which the resources lie.

Other negotiations are proceeding about such delicate matters as air transport, rubber and shipping. The possible conflicts in these realms are obvious. The British and Dutch have hitherto monopolized a great part of the natural rubber supply and have on occasion exacted high prices for it. Now the United States has a synthetic industry sufficient to supply all our peacetime demands, which might conceivably seize the largest market of the British and Dutch interests. In air transport Britain and other countries naturally wish a large stake for both commercial and military reasons, whereas this country is far in the lead in the manufacture of planes. Britain has long supplied the lion's share of the world's shipping and depends upon the payment for shipping services for the stability of her economic life. Yet the United States now has an enormous merchant fleet and a great shipbuilding industry.

If these two allies become bitter competitors for world trade, we may as well forget about the possibility of economic sanctions and the checking of future aggression in its infancy. If, however, they can agree to coöperate in terms of peaceful trade, they can also cooperate in policing disturbers of the peace.

The practical possibility of any coöperation of the kind, no matter what agreements may now be made, depends upon the underlying economic trends after the war. If we can have an expanding economy in which production and consumption are increasing on a worldwide scale, there will be plenty of room for the legitimate economic interests of all concerned. If, on the other hand, we must go back to a stagnating economy, marked by mass unemployment and financial distress, then any such agreements will either be violated or become in operation monopolistic cartels restricting output in the interest of special groups of producers. It is on this account that most basic of all for the chances of future peace are the subjects discussed at the Bretton Woods conference, and the domestic fiscal policies of the United States and the United Kingdom.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

Editors: BRUCE BLIVEN, GEORGE SOULE, MICHAEL STRAIGHT, STARK YOUNG

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

Assistant Editors: ELIZABETH HULING, GEORGE MAYBERRY, HELEN FULLER (Washington)

Contributing Editors: H. N. BRAILSFORD, VAN WYCK BROOKS, MALCOLM COWLEY, VARIAN FRY, JULIAN HUXLEY, ALFRED KAZIN, MAX LERNER, E. C. LINDEMAN, THOMAS SANCTON, REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

Advertising Manager: E. G. WOOD

SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Truth About the PAC

So many statements concerning the CIO Political Action Committee and the National Citizens' Political Action Committee have recently appeared in print—some correct and some incorrect, some friendly and some hostile—that it may not be amiss to set down some of the fundamental facts about these two organizations.

The CIO-PAC was organized in July, 1943, by the Congress of Industrial Organizations for the primary purpose of arousing the working men and women of America to a sense of their own responsibility as citizens of this nation and, in a broader sense, as citizens of a free world. What really started the CIO-PAC happened the year before the organization came into being. The congressional elections held in November, 1942, gave clear evidence that a powerful reactionary trend had set in, which, if it continued through 1944, might well reverse all the progress of recent years and render this nation incapable of making its indispensable contribution toward the eventual establishment of lasting peace. One could not help but recall the congressional elections of 1918, in which Woodrow Wilson lost control of both Houses of Congress, and with it a large measure of his prestige. One could not help but remember the dire consequences both at home and abroad.

Whereas Woodrow Wilson actually lost majority control to the Republican opposition in 1918, the 1942 elections left President Roosevelt with a reduced but still substantial Democratic majority in the Senate and a bare majority in the House. But this distinction was illusory. Actually, through the Unholy Alliance of obstructionist Republicans and reactionary Democrats, a coalition had come into power which was determined not merely to block any further progressive legislation, but to undermine where possible the whole structure of New Deal reform.

Did this mean that the American people had changed its mind? Did the dramatic change in Congress reflect a conservative trend on the part of a majority of the population? We thought not. We thought not, because an analysis of the vote cast in the 1942 election clearly showed what had happened. Only a little more than 28,000,000 American citizens had cast their ballots in these elections, as against 49,800,000 in 1940. Almost 22,000,000 Americans who had voted in the presidential year had failed to go to the polls two years later. The percentage of those who failed to vote was highest among the normally progressive groups of the population and lowest among those population groups which are normally conservative. The inference was clear. The forces of reaction were organized for political action; the progressive forces were not organized.

That is why the CIO-PAC was born one year later.

The funds for the CIO-PAC were supplied by the CIO and a number of its major affiliated unions. To be exact, the sum of $669,764.11 was contributed. Of this amount approximately $400,000 was spent up to the time of the Democratic National Convention. No disbursements have been made from these funds since the Democratic convention, except in local primary elections, and none will be made until after the election. This decision was reached in order to eliminate any possible question of violating the Smith-Connally Act.

What did the CIO-PAC do up to the time of the Democratic convention, and what will it do during and after the campaign?

First of all, the CIO-PAC put on a nationwide drive to register the vote; it embarked upon an educational campaign among the workers to show them why they had a duty as citizens to exercise their franchise; why this year it was more than ever important for them to do so; and how they could help to organize themselves and other progressives outside of the labor movement for effective political action. This campaign was carried on in the labor press, by means of pamphlets distributed in large quantities, and—when it was possible to obtain time—over the radio.

Second, the CIO-PAC endeavored to mobilize the progressive vote in certain important primary elections throughout the nation, in order to help unseat outstanding reactionary incumbents seeking renomination and to assist outstanding progressive candidates to obtain their party's nomination. Such activity is permissible under the law, since the Smith-Connally Act does not apply to primary contests. The CIO-PAC was active in the primary contests for nomination in both parties. It does not claim to have brought about the nomination or the defeat of a single candidate. It does claim to have contributed important support to the already existing progressive forces in many states—perhaps decisive support in a few instances. By and large, these efforts were more successful in the Democratic primaries than in those of the Republican Party. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that in the Democratic primaries the CIO-PAC was working with the prevailing trend, which has already taken a considerable toll of outstanding reactionaries and isolationists, whereas in the Republican primaries it was working against the pronounced nationalist and reactionary trend which fully manifested itself in the repudiation of Willkie and in the recapture of the Republican leadership by Herbert Hoover and the Old Guard.

Actual money contributions played but a small part in this undertaking. Under the Hatch Act, $5,000 is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the maximum amount which any individual or group may contribute to any one candidate's campaign. There were not many instances where even that amount was contributed. But there were many instances where the voluntary organized efforts of PAC workers were able to accomplish wonders in bringing out the vote. In most parts of the country that is all we have to do in order to ensure a progressive victory. The majority of American citizens—and certainly the vast majority of industrial workers—are progressive voters by nature. They do not as a rule need to be told to vote for progressive candidates; they do need to be provided with the facts and the records of the candidates; and they do need to be provided with channels of organization by means of which to make their opinions effective. They need also to be reassured that it actually lies within their power to elect the candidates whom they prefer, and that it is their own responsibility to see that the latent progressive majority becomes an articulate majority.

That is the job the CIO-PAC set out to do among the industrial workers; and that is the job which the NC-PAC has now undertaken to do among the population as a whole.

Since the decision was reached not to use union funds in the electoral campaign itself, once the party candidates were nominated, the CIO-PAC is now putting on a drive for voluntary contributions from individual members of labor organizations throughout the country. Similarly, the NC-PAC is putting on a drive for voluntary contributions from individuals in every rank of life and in every section of the country. These funds will be used to carry on the effort to bring out the vote, to reëlect President Roosevelt and to elect a progressive Congress.

It is too early to say what measure of success will attend these two fund-raising campaigns. But it is not too early to say that a great deal of nonsense has been written about the "gigantic slush funds" which are said to be at the disposal of these two organizations. Quite frequently a figure of $6 million has been mentioned. The only element of reality about this figure is that the law would not permit the two organizations to spend more than $3 million each or $6 million together. Our goal is not nearly so ambitious as that. We hope the NC-PAC will raise $1,500,000. I wish I could say that the drive had already produced half that amount. Actually, the effort has only just begun.

We shall undoubtedly fall far short of raising the amount of money which will be spent by the organized forces of reaction. There is no doubt that they have the dollars, but I believe that events will prove that we have the votes. In 1940, $16 million of Republican money was not enough to elect a moderately progressive Republican candidate, because the people instinctively recognized that, in spite of Wendell Willkie, the reactionary Old Guard still controlled the Party. In 1944 no instinctual intelligence is required; normal eyesight is all anyone needs to recognize the starched Hoover collar on the Republican candidate.

The response we have had so far to the membership drive in the National Citizens' Political Action Committee is most encouraging. Already it is clear that, so far at least as this election is concerned, farmers, publishers, educators, writers and progressives from every part of the country and from every occupation are ready and eager to unite with the industrial workers in order to reëlect the President and to elect a Congress which will responsibly and loyally support progressive policies at home and abroad.

The NC-PAC is committed to Roosevelt and Truman against Dewey and Bricker. Beyond that it has no partisan commitments whatsoever. It will support for election to Congress those men and women who, irrespective of party affiliation, seem best qualified to represent this nation in the critical times which lie ahead. It will support those candidates who have shown that they believe in the principles set forth in President Roosevelt's Economic Bill of Rights, who have shown that they understand that our domestic problems and our foreign problems are opposite sides of the same coin, and that neither can be solved at the expense of the other. It will support those candidates who, in the words of Thomas Jefferson, "have confidence in the people, cherish them and consider them the wise repository of the public interest." It will oppose those candidates who openly repudiate these ideals, or who render lip-service to them in order to conceal their opposition.

At first some of the conservative newspapers made fun of us. It was alleged that our support actually hurt the candidates whom we were endeavoring to help. Then suddenly it was claimed that we were the dominant influence in the Democratic Party. And after Henry Wallace was defeated for renomination, it was said that we were finished. Two weeks later we were again supposed to be very much alive and to have been responsible for the defeat of an outstanding isolationist. We are supposed to be at the same time trying to capture the Democratic Party and starting a third party. We are described as the President's greatest asset one day, and as his greatest liability the next. Most of all the ultra-conservative commentators have worried about what they call "the PAC ideology."

This "ideology" is neither a mystery nor a closely guarded secret. It is clearly stated in the PAC program, which was adopted last May and which was officially presented to the resolutions committees of both the Republican and Democratic Parties. This program is both a statement of principles and a concrete plan of action. It rests upon the belief that we can and must find a way so to utilize the vast spiritual and material resources of this nation that every Americ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who is reasonably industrious and prudent may enjoy at least the minimum elements of a good life—that is, adequate housing, food, clothing, medical care, education, recreation and an opportunity for advancement. It rests upon the belief that too many Americans have died and are dying in foreign lands in defense of democracy for us any longer to permit democracy to be betrayed here at home by social or economic barriers erected against anyone by reason of his race, religion or national origin.

There are people—and they are by no means all Republicans—who do not agree with these principles, and who do not wish to see the progressive forces unite for the purpose of putting them into effect. Some of them have told us that we are unwise to organize for political action, because by doing so we might stimulate the forces of reaction to take similar action. The forces of reaction have taken this action long ago. They are entrenched and fortified on every rise of ground on the economic contour map of the world. They are fighting grimly behind their Maginot Lines to perpetuate their privileged position.

But the united progressive forces of the world are on the march and will not be denied. They are fighting not for special privilege, but for equality of opportunity for all men everywhere, of every race, of every nationality and of every religious faith.

The fight for human dignity and freedom will not end when we shall have achieved victory at the polls on November 7, any more than it will end when we shall have achieved military victory over Germany and Japan. All that we shall have gained by these victories is survival—survival to fight for freedom, to vote for freedom and to work for freedom—until finally freedom shall have been gained for all men who inhabit this earth.

SIDNEY HILLMAN

Reconversion: People or Property

RECONVERSION is a big word. And lots of even longer polysyllables are constantly being coupled with it on Capitol Hill these days. To follow the debates in Congress on the subject and the recent editorials and columns in most newspapers has required perseverance and a certain affection for technicalities. To hear them tell it, you would never know that the Senate fight over the Murray-Kilgore v. the George Bill was really a fight over whether people or property was to come first in our postwar plans.

If you have not had all the technical explanations you feel you need as to our reconversion alternatives, it is much too late to give them to you now, even if I could. But the politics of the issue has not been much discussed. And I think it is worth talking about so that we can improve our performance in the succeeding rounds of this match.

Washington, as I write today, is very much like what Chicago was on the eve of the battle for the renomination of Henry Wallace. The lines are as clearly drawn. And many of the same faces are in evidence captaining the two sides. On one side are the coldly clear, well organized men who represent finance capital's interest in our war government. We have printed their names in the pages of The New Republic many times since the defense program was first put into effect. On the other side, again, are the poorly organized ranks of the passionate believers in the progressive course. Headed by labor, especially by the CIO, they have again played their part a little better than the old hands expected, fighting a hard, though losing, battle.

This side thinks it sees real trouble ahead for us unless we make quick preparations for the changeover from war production to peacetime industry, begin the orderly transition as soon as possible without interfering with war production, and take out plenty of insurance against another depression in the form of unemployment compensation, job transfer and training plans. The big-business side pooh-poohs the people's fears of another period of wide-scale unemployment, assuring us that free enterprise will prevent it.

And the big-business side has its own very different ideas about when and how industrial reconversion should begin. Those ideas are best described as the "Industrial Grandfather Clause" and the "Cherokee Strip Principle." Like another group of status quo-ers after the Civil War, big business would now like to have a rule requiring that no producer can make an item unless he was making that item before the war. Since Pearl Harbor, half a million small businesses have gone to glory. The 100 firms that have grown fat on the 75 percent of prime war contracts they have received dislike the notion of new competition springing up, and an "Industrial Grandfather Clause" in the demobilization contract would be just the thing. There has been talk of allowing some small businesses to resume production of civilian goods now, since they usually are the first to receive cutbacks on their war orders and their size is suited to a gradual shift to civilian production. To be fair to itself, big business proposes instead its "Cherokee Strip Principle," whereby no one firm would be allowed to reconvert until all firms were free to reconvert. Big business would like to see the kind of race the government once before supervised when pioneers were lined up before the opening of the Oklahoma territory and allowed to make a run for the new land at the crack of the gun. If the race for new business were conducted that way, big business thinks it would do very well with its faster horses and better wagons.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The people's side thinks that the whole process of reconversion, from both the industrial and the human point of view, would be better handled by an overall Office of Demobilization and Reconversion, with an advisory board representing industry, labor and farmers, authorized to direct all phases of the program and keep them in balance. Big business likes things as they are and wants to keep the present loose system by which former Justice Byrnes as Mobilization Director decides major questions when they finally have to be decided, with the advice and counsel of Bernard Baruch and Lehman Brothers' John Hancock.

Big business, working through the Republican Party, has defeated the Murray-Kilgore bill which represented the people's plan. Big business, working through its own men in the War and Navy Departments and the War Production Board, is paralyzing the machinery for reconversion. The people's side isn't doing so well.

Many of the able New Dealers who have been through the whole fight for war production are saying to themselves these days, "This is where I came in. We had to fight them before we could convert, and now we have to fight them to reconvert." Remember how tough it was to get the automobile industry to convert to airplane production? Remember how much time and energy it took to overcome the protests of every individual civilian producer that his was a special case, that he couldn't convert to war production? It was the New Dealers who forced the limitations on the civilian economy which made possible the tremendous war production we have achieved. Faced with going out of business for lack of materials with which to carry on or producing for war, industry chose the latter, and has done it magnificently. Clearly it is now going to take equal force properly applied to establish the kind of gradual reconversion policy we need but that big business does not want us to have.

It is going to be much harder for the people's side to win this time, for big business has frozen onto the controls. In the fight to convert to war production, the liberals had several strong points from which to fight, and stout-hearted leaders of the Leon Henderson variety around whom to rally. They were strong in the Office of Civilian Requirements, and in the key Planning and Requirements Divisions of the War Production Board. And they always had access to the White House. Now the advantage lies the other way.

The line-up is this: Donald Nelson is for a reconversion program which begins now, moves gradually and gives the little man a break. Charles E. Wilson, WPB vice-chairman and General Motors vice-president, who did so much to get war production up to the high point where it now is, is the captain of the big-business side. His right-hand man from the WPB is Arthur Bunker of the Lehman Corporation. Bunker runs the staff of the Production Executive Committee which controls the vital cutback program. Wilson's right-hand man from the army is Brigadier-General Edward F. Jeffe of Consolidated Edison. Jeffe is secretary of the Production Executive Committee.

These men, together with Sidney Weinberg of the WPB and Goldman Sachs, and General Brehon B. Somervell, Wilson's army counterpart and working partner on reconversion matters, constitute the big-business team. Donald Nelson is hard to put to it to enforce his policies within his own organization with this set-up, much less win general acceptance of them. When help is needed from the White House, the Wilson-Somervell team has easier access to the ear of War Mobilizer Byrnes, through John Hancock and Bernard Baruch, than Nelson enjoys.

Months ago it was clear to those who were watching the Republicans closely that they were watching the reconversion muddle equally closely. When Republican Senator Arthur Vandenberg started screaming that the Democrats were neglecting postwar plans for politics, the administration knew that the attack was about to begin. Vandenberg kept screaming and got the Republican Governors to start screaming. Soon the famous Dewey baritone was heard caroling that the New Deal was not competent to administer reconversion. The next thing Washington knew, Georgia's Republocrat Senator Walter George had been brought back to the capital to hold quiet hearings of his Finance Committee on a bill to challenge the Murray-Kilgore bill which had been carefully prepared after months of public hearings. George's committee meetings were so quiet that even some members of the committee, known to favor the Kilgore bill, did not know the sessions were being held. George's Republican friends, Vandenberg and Taft, were on hand to give him plenty of advice and promises of full support from the Republicans. The states'-rights issue was dusted off as the presumable base for a new Unholy Alliance between Southern Democrats and Republicans. Senator George's smooth technical man, Scott Russell, built up confusing technical arguments against the unemployment-compensation sections of the Murray-Kilgore bill. The Unemployment Compensation lobby was set to howling again about what would befall the country if the powers of the state systems were encroached upon.

So the fight was on. The people's side lost the first round in the Senate. The odds against them are perhaps even greater in the House, where parliamentary tricks and the smooth-running Unholy Alliance will complicate things. On the executive side, Donald Nelson shows signs of putting more steam into his fight with the big-money boys who are conducting a delaying action against reconversion.

The President will have to take sides on his return. On the people's side, there is a chance to find an economic substitute for war. On the opposite, there are the seeds of another war.

Washington HELEN FULLER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How We Trained for D Day

WE FIRST LEARNED that our division was to take a leading part in the invasion almost a year in advance of the event. It was in July, '43. My artillery battalion was engaged in firing when Lieutenant-Colonel C———, the battalion commander, brought the word. He had been to an orientation meeting, had been informed that we would participate in the assault, had attended a series of lectures on amphibious techniques and had picked up a dazzling new vocabulary of technical words and phrases. I remember one especially, "the race for the build-up," referring to the all-important period between the initial landings and the launching of the main German counter-attack. "The race for the build-up," the Colonel said, "will be the crux of the matter."

He spoke familiarly about "LCVP's" and "LST's," of "far-shore brigades" and "naval fire-control parties," of "beachmasters" and "transport quartermasters." The Colonel mentioned the interesting possibility that our 105-mm. outfit might be armored. We never were, but at the time that suggestion, plus a false rumor that our new guns and tracked vehicles were already waiting for us back at base camp, excited more comment than the announcement that D Day would find us on the French beaches.

Almost at once we started training for our special assault task, a curriculum of extraordinary thoroughness and—like all army schooling—endless repetition. The heavily censored news dispatches from England to our home-town papers invariably spoke of our activities as "intensive invasion preparations," an accurate but not particularly graphic description. We cursed through eleven months of that invasion drill, accusing the higher authorities of insanity or worse. But we now can see that the army's foresight, translated into our repeated "dry runs," and our forced attention to the most trivial details of the proposed operation, was the margin of success on D Day.

Our practice began with backing up. Service battery picked out a lively stretch of moors, fenced out the dimensions of a Landing Craft, Tank, and on this "mock-up" the battalion's drivers practised loading. Each vehicle had an assigned deck space hardly greater than its own length and had to be backed on board up the simulated ramp, pushing either a trailer or a gun. It involved expert driving and patient driver-directing. On our larger vehicles the driver cannot see as far back as the end of his trailer and must be guided by a man on foot using hand signals. We practised signaling and discovered how hard it is to let just one man at a time do all the directing, how hopelessly confused the driver gets when he has more than a single adviser. Each towed load, to add to the confusion, backs in its own whimsical fashion; our drivers learned to handle all types, from the ponderous howitzers down to the frisky jeep trailers. They backed through dust and mud, in daylight and in dark (using dimmed-out flashlights for signaling). In the process a number of tricks were improvised: welding a hook onto the truck's front bumper, for example, so the trailer could be pulled instead of pushed aboard, or picking up a jeep and bouncing it into place instead of wasting time backing and filling in cramped space.

By November when our battalion and the infantry regiment it supports went to Assault Training Center on the windy coast, we were undoubtedly as expert at backing as any outfit in the army. And our drivers were talking about the postwar cars they intended to buy with three forward speeds and no reverse. We had meanwhile learned how to waterproof our radios and vehicles, a laborious process which consists, very roughly, of making mudpies out of a special grease and plastering up all seams, seals, vents and electrical connections. Our drivers had been to division waterproofing school and each man had tried his knowledge by water-proofing his own truck and driving joyfully into the sea up to his fenders.

The Assault Training Center, cold, uncomfortable and muddy, was beautifully organized. The course was designed primarily to teach the infantry the intricate individual and team techniques for storming German coastal-defense pillboxes. While the infantry learned to manipulate flame-throwers and dynamite demolition charges and how, as a team, to approach a concrete "hedgehog" bristling with automatic weapons, the artillery waterproofed its vehicles and practiced loading (this time on full-scale concrete replicas of LCT's). We experimented with firing our howitzers from ship to shore and got the feel of driving through sand of every grade and every degree of wetness. At night we attended lectures on the various aspects of amphibious operations: communications, air support, the medical problem and so forth. The first of these lectures and a fair proportion of the subsequent talks began with the ominous remark: "The mission of this school is to prepare you for an assault on the French coast." We accepted this as a device to gain our attention; the spring and weather favorable for an attack were still too far away to worry about.

Graduation from the ATC consisted of a mock assault by our combat team, a maneuver which gave everyone a chance to employ the new skills. Our battalion loaded its equipment onto LCT's from the sandy beach at dusk, the first time the drivers had had a chance to back in earnest. Loading of personnel, both infantry and artillery, continued most of the pitch-black night,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a cold and ghostly business. Finally when we were all loaded, the landing craft sorted themselves out according to assault waves and the flotilla sailed on a choppy sea a few miles up the beach to circle offshore until dawn and H-hour.

For my battalion the main problem was getting our equipment ashore, moving the trucks and guns through the narrow beach exits the engineers had swept free of dummy mines, and getting into position to fire in support of the infantry's advance inland. It sounded easy. It went, in fact, quite well. Yet even this first taste impressed us with the difficulties involved in a landing, the invitations in every phase for things to go wildly and hopelessly wrong. The maneuver lasted from dawn until dark when, wet and tired, we headed back for camp and hot food, and many of us wondered how our attack would have gone if there had been Germans waiting for us in the dunes instead of umpires with their gaily colored flags.

Other assaults on other coasts had taught the army that a tragically large number of soldiers could be lost by drowning in the few hundred yards from ramp to shore, in water theoretically no more than knee-deep but often, in fact, well over a man's head. So we learned to swim or at least, in the case of a few hopelessly non-buoyant, not to be terror-stricken by the surf.

The battalion swam through all but a few weeks of the cold winter, several hundred unwilling members of the Polar Bear Club. We swam in streams, rivers, pools and static water tanks, anywhere a man could practice the difficult art of staying afloat in spite of helmet, fatigues and GI boots. Once a man had proved his ability to negotiate roughly fifty yards he was excused from further ordeal. So after a few weeks the group of non-swimmers had been reduced to a relatively small number, some who had never before tried swimming, some who were pathologically afraid, and all of whom claimed either sinus or a "peculiar bone condition" which would prevent their ever learning.

In early spring the non-swimmers who had floundered and shivered all winter suddenly became the envy of the camp; arrangements had been made to shift the swimming classes from the frigid confines of the static water tanks to a heated indoor pool of considerable splendor, the favorite destination of men on a 48-hour pass. Immediately all battery orderly rooms were filled with applicants for instruction, as eager now to prove their entire ignorance of the water as they had been, a few months earlier, to show their ability to teach Johnny Weismuller a trick or two. The legitimate non-swimmers merely forced their blue lips into smiles and rode off happily.

With one exception every man in the battalion learned at least to float, to me as remarkable an achievement as any part of our training. The lone failure (probably due to some peculiar bone condition) persisted in sinking every time despite heroic efforts by the squad of instructors. He began the course, however, so frightened by water that the sight of the pool made him nauseated. At the end of the lessons he was willing to plunge head first down the slide at the deep end of the pool, and he did so over and over again. Each time he splashed, spluttered, sank and was methodically fished out of the water with a long pole.

The smaller landing craft are loaded from transports close in to the enemy shore with the men transferring over the side on heavy rope "scramble" nets. To save time and minimize accident, the army has devised a systematic procedure. Naturally, we learned it. The mock-up was a platform about twenty feet in the air, with a section of railing and the net stretching to the ground below. For weeks "Cargo Net Drill" appeared on the daily training schedule, hard, dull exercise which soon outranked Close Order Drill on the list of despised classes. But shortly, and after a considerable number of sprains and bruises, every man in the outfit could manage the descent with ease, even when the net was shaken violently to represent the possibility of a rough Channel crossing. Every man knew how to wear his web equipment with the waist buckle unfastened (for quick removal, just in case), how to keep his rifle and entrenching tool from tangling in the ropes, and how to space his hands and feet for greatest security.

On the assumption, which was correct, that much of the landing would take place at night, the battalion methodically set about learning to work in the dark. For a period our time schedule was turned exactly upside down. Reveille was at six as usual, but at six p. m. We took road marches from three to five a. m., ate lunch at midnight, and "evening" passes were issued from Retreat at 5:30 a. m. until noon, most confusing for a man in search of a "mild-and-bitter" who found the pubs just opening instead of just closing at the time for him to be back and in bed. The night-is-day period was a great boon to goldbricks; not even the toughest motor sergeant could deal effectively with a motor park full of drivers who made industrious scraping and polishing sounds in the dark but whose vehicles, at dawn, were just as dirty as ever.

These special subjects were all superimposed upon a regular artillery training program of more than ordinary intensity, with special attention to physical fitness. The artillery is supposed to ride to work; despite that theory we marched at least twelve miles a week during those eleven months, most of the time in four-mile speed marches every other day over the rolling roads with full field equipment, including water in one's canteen. Every battery was required to bring all its men to the point of completing these events, taken in series, without time out to catch a breath: 25 push-ups, a 300-yard run within 45 seconds, a 50-yard crawl under barbed wire, carry a man 25 yards piggy-back and then ride for 25 yards, and, finally, march 4

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

miles in not more than 45 minutes. Men who could not make the grade were transferred to other outfits.

Every man in the battalion was qualified at least as a sharpshooter with his individual weapon, a grade higher, that is, than the usual standard. And when nothing else was in progress, the battalion continued with normal exercises: practice in selecting and occupying positions, in surveying and wire-laying, practice in radio operation and the use of signal flags, in observing from our grasshopper planes, in gun drill and in conducting of all types of fire; all of these overlaid with the ever-present, herculean task of keeping ourselves and our equipment shipshape—"Care and Cleaning of Material."

About January we began formal dress rehearsals for D Day, a series of amphibious exercises, each with an intriguing code name, and trappings of great secrecy. "Duck One" was practice in moving from base camp to a tent-city marshaling area near the coast and from there to the docks (or "hards") where our assault craft would be waiting. This in itself is a complicated operation. An artillery battalion fills a number of craft and spills over into many more, with its rear and forward echelons, liaison officers and forward observers with the infantry, reconnaissance parties in early waves and service trains in late. The battalion, both men and equipment, had to be broken down into such boat groups according to the time scheduled for landing, and each group had to arrive at the right "hard" at the proper time. Duck One was at least as much an exercise for the supply troops who housed and fed us and the Transportation Corps which moved us, as it was practice for the battalion.

Each of these final rehearsals stirred up the rumor that we were actually on the way to France. On Duck One we were ordered to destroy all personal letters in our possession, turn in diaries for safekeeping and empty our wallets of anything which might furnish a clue to our military identities beyond name, rank and serial number. That seemed going pretty far for just a dry run. Then an extra and free PX ration was issued, along with three days' K ration for the crossing, and the Cassandras looked exceedingly smug. We could not be completely sure that it was not the real thing until we marched down to the moonlit "hards" and found that no assault craft were waiting.

A considerable portion of the coast, four or five miles of the beach and the beautiful countryside inland to a depth of six or eight miles, had been entirely evacuated for our maneuvers. The beach was almost a duplicate of the Normandy beach; the intensively cultivated farmland with small fields marked by hedgerows was a close approximation of our present battlefield. The area was slightly tougher from a military point of view, probably on the theory that the real thing should seem easy compared to the rehearsal. We were instructed not to shoot up historic landmarks and to avoid unnecessary damage; otherwise we had a free hand. The artillery for the first time got to shoot on what had been populated ground instead of the dull wastes of our ranges. We were allowed to drive across cultivated fields, tear down fence posts and blast through hedgerows that were in the way of our guns; exciting stuff after so many months of caution and damage reports.

Our last maneuvers were full-scale landings by combat team, by division and then by a skeletonized corps, each complete in every detail. A warning order would come to base camp, reviving the old rumor that D Day was finally at hand. We would repack our personal belongings, recheck our organizational equipment and move out to marshaling areas completely ready to go on to France, if necessary. The battalion was broken down to craft loads, we embarked, a convoy formed and, finally, on word from higher headquarters, we sailed out into the Channel. Only at daybreak when we saw the familiar coastline ahead would we know that our landing would again be unopposed.

Each of the mock assaults was preceded by heavy naval gunfire and air bombardment on the beach and its defensive installations. The infantry, firing live ammunition and carrying real explosive charges and using the techniques learned at Assault Training Center, smashed through the line of hedgehogs. The engineers cleared out road blocks and swept clear lanes through the minefields, and the artillery came ashore, went into position and started firing furiously at the unresisting picture-postcard landscape.

With each rehearsal the operation went a little more smoothly and we became more and more self-confident. We learned to live on K rations. Navy slang got mixed in with our GI talk, as well as extravagant words of praise for navy bread made with that good white, vitamin-deficient American flour. We learned respect for the engineers and their hazardous job and our admiration for the infantry, already great, was increased: it was obvious that it had the really tough job, the main job. All anybody else could do was to try, in our various ways, to help.

In the middle of May when the battalion was alerted for Exercise and moved to the marshaling area, we were too fed up with repetition to get excited. "This is the real thing," went the rumor. And as each man passed the word on to his neighbor he got the reply: "I hope to hell it is!"

There was almost a complete absence of tension in our camp. Not that many of us doubted that the attack would shortly take place, for we could see that too many troops were involved for a dry run. We waterproofed our vehicles, as before. We burned the few letters that had accumulated since the last burning. Extra rations were issued, lifebelts were distributed and tested, final checks were made on weapons, dog-tags and shoes; all in accord with rehearsals. There

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were, to be sure, a few novelties: gas-resistant clothing, water-purifying tablets, seasickness pills and, contradictorily, vomit bags. And before D Day the entire assault force, including every private, was briefed on the plans for the operation in complete detail. All room for doubt was gone. Yet at the briefing there was no apparent excitement except a ripple of pleased astonishment when the Colonel announced the number of tons of bombs that would be dropped on our particular beach prior to the hour when we would land.

I do not mean to say that the men in the battalion were not frightened by the prospect of the job ahead. But there was certainly none of the nervous uncertainty that might have been expected. We felt confident—more confident in fact than was justified—because we had reason to believe that every possible preparation had been made.

Somewhere in Normandy LT. BRUCE BLIVEN JR.

Longo, Biddle and Hague

The Object Lesson of Jersey City

THE LONGO CASE has ceased to be a local issue. It is now, thanks to Attorney General Biddle, a national scandal. In that slum community on the west bank of the Hudson known as Jersey City there is in progress an unequal fight against dictatorship in America, the outcome of which is important to all Americans. The issue, stripped to essentials, is: fascism versus democracy.

In his fight against the democratic processes—and to throw an American citizen into jail "without due process of law"—Frank Hague, Mayor of Jersey City and vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is not being opposed, to say the least, by the Attorney General of the United States. Called upon to investigate the invasion of Mr. Longo's civil rights, Attorney General Francis Biddle is giving an embarrassingly good imitation of a man playing along with powerful Mayor Hague. The case borders on the fantastic; it is one of those things that "can't happen here"; but it is happening, right under our noses, and it has an evil smell.

The Longo case makes sense only against its long background. Longo faces an 18-months' jail sentence. His crime, actually, is that he has simply refused to be smacked down by Hague. That's not what he was convicted for; not at all. The charge, which looks good on paper but doesn't stand up under scrutiny, says he illegally changed his own voting record.

An analysis of all the facts would seem to support Longo's contention that he is being railroaded to jail, that he cannot get justice or a fair hearing in Jersey City, and that only the federal government (the Justice Department) could—if it would—prove the conspiracy against him. Yet Mr. Biddle has said that there is nothing to prove! His public statement about the case is so notable for its omissions and tortuous twistings of fact, that one must ask whether he actually looked into the case or merely signed a statement prepared by somebody else.

The Department of Justice, in response to public demands that it investigate the denial of civil rights in the Longo case, certainly went through the motions of an investigation. FBI agents moved into Jersey City. But whom did they investigate, Hague or Longo? Sample questions asked of Longo include: "Do you know any Communists in Jersey City?" "What labor leaders in Jersey City are Communists?" "Who got the CIO to back you in this case?"

Jersey City Communists, who are now Hague supporters, never did back Longo, but that didn't seem to make any difference to the men from the Department of Justice.

Attorney General Biddle said in his public statement that Longo was questioned in the presence of his attorney, Raymond Chasan, of Jersey City. Both Chasan and Longo deny this. They go further: Both say that FBI agents refused to allow Chasan to be present during the examination. Chasan was not permitted even to examine a summary of Longo's statement to the Department of Justice.

Consider these facts.

Frank Hague is the undisputed boss of Jersey City. His influence goes beyond the confines of that impoverished community. It spreads like a web over New Jersey, it reaches into the federal government itself. For years Hague has dominated the prosecutor's office which initiated the prosecution against Longo. He dominated the jury system from which the grand jury was selected that indicted Longo, and from which the petit jury was chosen that convicted him. He dominated the local and the state courts. The politicians who are aligned with Hague and against Longo (whether Democrats or Republicans) owe their political life in New Jersey to him.

For years Longo has been fighting this sort of dictatorship. He has been trying to tell the people of Jersey City, the county, the state and nation what has happened and what is happening in Jersey City. He has been trying to tell them that Hagueism is really fascism, and that it must be crushed before we are crushed by it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Longo, today 31, is the son of Italian immigrant parents. As a high-school boy, in Jersey City, he became interested in clean government as against Hague government. By 1938, Longo had become so obnoxious to Hague that he had to be punished, and he was. He was indicted on the alleged charge that he had forged some names on an election petition he had filed in an effort to get an anti-Hague ticket on the Democratic primary ballot. He was convicted and sentenced to nine months in the penitentiary, where he served seven months. His friends and counsel sought to prove that Longo had been framed, and there was substance to that charge.

Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy, while he was attorney general, referred to Longo's conviction in a nationwide broadcast. He said:

> A young man who actively opposed the boss of the local political machine was indicted on a false charge. He was tried and convicted by a jury consisting entirely of persons connected politically with the leader.

Longo continued to fight Hague. Politically, he has always been an independent, having supported Republicans and Democrats. His only yardstick was: did the candidate honestly oppose Hague rule? Former Governor Edison, a Hague foe, made it possible for Longo to get a county political job without a nod from the Jersey City boss. That appointment set in motion the machinery which was eventually to result in Longo's conviction of altering his voting record. That conviction looks very much like punishment for daring to defy the power of dictator Hague. The specific charge against him was that he erased the letters REP (Republican) on his record and substituted the letters DEM (Democrat). Five state witnesses appeared against Longo.

The trial was a farce. Although Julius Lichtenstein, one of the most prominent lawyers in the state, appeared in court and agreed to represent Longo if the court would permit a reasonable adjournment of two or three days, long enough for Lichtenstein to acquaint himself with the facts of the case, the presiding judge, Thomas H. Brown, refused, and ordered Longo to trial. Longo, unrepresented, put in no defense. He refused to participate in any way in the proceedings, and was quickly convicted.

Then came an explosion. It developed that Hague's prosecutor had employed the services of a handwriting expert who had examined the Longo voting record but had failed to find any evidence that it had been altered, as charged. No reference to the expert had been made at the trial.

Chasan, attorney and intimate friend of Longo, demanded a new trial. He charged that Hague's prosecutor had failed to submit the report of the handwriting expert either to the grand jury or the trial court, that he had in fact suppressed that evidence because it would tend to support Longo's plea of innocence. Judge Brown refused to entertain the motion for a new trial.

Chasan then appealed the conviction to the higher court, meanwhile calling on Attorney General Biddle to investigate the whole Longo case, and in particular that phase relating to the suppression of vital evidence by Hague's prosecutor.

Mr. Biddle excused himself by saying, after the FBI had gone through the motions of investigating the case, that there was no *direct* evidence to show any conspiracy to frame Longo.

Meanwhile, Longo's appeal is still pending in the New Jersey Supreme Court. That court, in an action almost without precedent, on its own initiative asked a referee to take testimony on two points: (1) Was evidence suppressed? (This point would seem to involve the legal definition of the word "suppress"), and (2) Did Longo or his counsel have knowledge of the handwriting expert's report to the prosecutor before Longo's conviction?

This looks suspiciously like a diversion. It is like asking: Did the prosecutor do a 100-percent job of suppressing evidence, or only 98 percent? It is like asking, further: Did Longo know he was framed or didn't he know?

In any event the significance of the case, now a national scandal, seems well on the way to being buried in a morass of technicalities.

The suppression of civil rights in one community affects all communities. The people of New Jersey need justice, not the kind of Jersey justice that is dished out by Hague and his henchmen. But where and how are they going to get it? Maybe Attorney General Biddle would care to report to the nation on that.

WILLARD WIENER

But First, a Brief Message from Jeremiah

Modern design! On earth as in the air,
There is a wish to cry and tremble. All
The stars are doing it. The steel is tall
But palsied somehow. Glass is everywhere
Shivered. The streets shake closer like a snare.
And in this midst, the modern heart is small,
Low-priced and sterile. In the draughty hall
Of his possessions, sapient man is bare,
Cheapened and sterile. Atrophy in tin,
Apocalyptic skies, the scream and sign
Of products and enrichments, make his skin
To crawl, his breath to catch, his bowels to whine.
Let him be sure to ask for mercy in
The vital, bright, attractive modern design.

DONALD BARR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Notes

Lessons from a Senate Debate

THE SENATE DEBATE on the George demobilization bill and the rival Kilgore-Murray bill was one of the most revealing in many months. It is worth considerable attention. Senator Pepper told the truth when he said that "the decision we make . . . will be a fair signpost to those who are watching Congress to see how well we are going to guide the country through that very dangerous [reconversion] period."

The comprehensive Kilgore-Murray bill was defeated and the George states'-rights (do-nothing) bill was passed by an overwhelming vote. The crucial vote showed a two-to-one majority for the more conservative approach. Twenty-three Democrats joined 26 Republicans to kill the Kilgore-Murray bill. Three Republicans and twenty-two Democrats voted for it. The division represents a fair picture of the real line-up in the Senate today. A coalition of Republicans and conservative Democrats rules the Senate. The coalition is directed primarily by two Democrats—Byrd of Virginia and George of Georgia—and two Republicans—Taft of Ohio and Vandenberg of Michigan.

Three men wrote the George bill. They were George, Taft and Scott Russell, clerk of George's special committee on postwar economic policy and planning and former president of the Bibb Manufacturing Company, one of the most notoriously anti-labor textile companies in the South. Throughout the debate councils of war were held among Byrd, Taft, George and Vandenberg. Russell was their messenger boy. He was constantly on the floor conferring with the four men who were directing strategy. The results achieved made the NAM very happy, for it knew Pepper was right in calling the action a reliable signpost.

One day the Democrats tried to get together. The party leaders were well aware of the political capital being made by the GOP because of the split in the Democratic line-up. So Barkley, Hill, Kilgore, Murray and Truman invited George to lunch to try to work out a compromise. George listened attentively. He seemed to agree that something should be done in the interest of party harmony. But within the hour he had changed his mind. Byrd and Taft persuaded him to pay no attention to the party leaders. "You've got the votes in your pocket," they said.

On the final day there was one more abortive attempt at conciliation. George again met with the leaders of the Kilgore group—but he made no promises. When the conference was over he walked back into the chamber. Byrd saw him come in and met him in the well. Together they signaled to Taft and Vandenberg to join them. A couple of hours later the reactionary coalition, functioning perfectly, ran like a steamroller over the little group of liberals.

Just before the debate was concluded, Senator Tunnell of Delaware gave the Senate a thoroughgoing tongue-lashing. He said that all week he had been listening to the "trifling" consideration being given to a matter of supreme importance to the American people and even to the world. He said he had heard all the stock phrases—American way, states' rights, capital v. labor, bureaucracy—intended to confuse the real issues.

Tunnell's attack also should have been directed at the press. The newspaper coverage of the debate was horrible. One reputable paper that is usually fair called the Kilgore proposal the "$35 every Thursday bill," and used that to describe it in all its news stories. Another paper described the unemployment-compensation provisions as "gimmy-jimmy" provisions.

The newspapers' big opportunity came when it was discovered that Dr. Herbert E. Schimmel, clerk of the Kilgore subcommittee of the Education and Labor Committee, who helped to draft the bill, had received telephone calls from the Political Action Committee. It was never said that he likewise received calls from the NAM, which happens to be true. And, of course, no one got excited over the fact that Russell helped draft the George bill.

The "ruckus"—Barkley's word—over Schimmel started one day in the Senate Chamber. Clerks of committees and senatorial secretaries are permitted on the floor. Russell was on the floor constantly helping George, and Schimmel was on the floor constantly helping Kilgore. One day Murray wanted to know who the next speaker was to be. He asked Schimmel to go to the desk and ask the presiding officer. When Senator Wherry of Nebraska, the Republican Whip, noticed the whispered conversation he demanded to know what sinister business was being transacted. For fifteen minutes the Senate debated the rights of clerks on the floor. Next morning the majority of conservative newspapers said nothing about Murray's speech, but they had a lot to say about Schimmel.

As for the liberal group, it did not make a very good showing. There was one magnificent speech by Pepper. It was extemporaneous. He listened for an hour to a demogogic speech by Taft, in which Taft drew a terrible picture of the Kilgore bill as giving the President power to reëstablish the National Resources Planning Board, the WPA, the NYA, the CCC and the NRA.

Kilgore and Murray, conscientious and enlightened men, are poor speakers. They are slow on their feet and they are not good tacticians. Pepper showed unusual ability and fight, and it is to him, more than almost anyone else, that progressives in the Senate must look for leadership. Bob La Follette, who should have been in there pitching, was absent.

There is much discussion about whether or not the Senate will remain Democratic after November. That is almost an academic question. Isn't it time to realize that George, Byrd, Taft and Vandenberg are the real leaders of the Senate today? They see eye to eye on virtually every domestic issue. They are able leaders and hold important committee positions. And they control the votes.

Notes: Dewey's advisers think he should have something to say soon on foreign policy, but one attempt to get a formal statement from John Foster Dulles, Dewey's chief adviser in the internationalist camp, was vetoed by Herbert Brownell, GOP chairman. . . . Congress hopes to pass the demobilization and surplus-property bills in a hurry and take another recess. . . . FDR's advisers insist that he must be seen by some large audiences.

Washington T. R. B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Maisie Knows

Catherine Was Great, by Mae West. Shubert Theatre, August 2, 1944.

MISS MAE WEST, as her habit is, is again, after an absence much too long, presenting herself in a play of her own composition. "Catherine Was Great" glows with quite a lot of glowing, you might say, endless costumes, musical noises and a cast of innumerable persons. The costumes into which Mr. Michael Todd, the producer of the play, expands are lavish in cost and variety and must count up to far above a hundred; though very few of them have any genuine style, and almost none of them is worn well, thanks to the lack of a certain training among our actors by which the sense of wearing stage costume—especially historical—may be acquired.

The acting that surrounds Miss West's performance is fairly nondescript; to criticize most of these players would only be lacking in humor. This is partly because few of them would be any good in any part, much less as eighteenth-century Russians. It is also, however, partly because of the fact that the player does not know exactly what to do around Miss West. The style of acting, however much or little, that he has acquired, he cannot fit into the occasion. This is because the acting he practises is of the representational kind; it is representational, photographic, journalistic, plain prose, everyday, just folks or, if you like, natural. Whereas Miss West's acting is strictly presentational. Which means that she frankly presents herself and the dramatic moment as herself, as theatre, as a show. She both represents and presents. High or low as may be the plane on which she, we might say, operates, she is the real thing. She is a challenge to what you know of the theatre art. The point is not whether you like her or not, or admire her or not; it does not turn on what your final judgment of her may be. The point is that your approach to her is a giveaway with respect to your theatre comprehension, theory and dialectic.

"Catherine Was Great" as a play is called no play at all by those who concern themselves over that question, or perhaps thought it might be a play. It is a succession of episodes in which the Empress of All the Russias proves to be irresistible for every sort of man, of every degree, her beauty incomparable, and her subtlety and her libido of a high, equal supremacy. To this is added a dash of historical allusion, something, for example, of democratic concern about the serfs, and a concluding ceremony in which the great savior of her country is richly honored, et cetera. None of it matters; Miss West keeps putting on new costumes, trains, furs, jewels, amid different settings unblushingly and expensively concocted by Mr. Howard Bay. The writing of the scenes is nothing to speak of, the history thrown in is mere baggage. It should be a dull evening. I did not find it so at all. Instead of being annoyed, I just kept hoping Miss West would get a good scene at last or have some lines that really came off with a bang—which never happened—and I felt pleased and chuckling and lively that she should be on the stage most of the time.

One of the chief sources of Miss West's interest for us is the extent to which the element of the abstract, as it were, clings about her. She is a performer of great canniness and of incredible, though well disguised, energy, dogged labor, and an almost insolent amount of skill. But basically she is as abstract as Harlequin, or Pierrot, or the Charlie Chaplin in the films, or Sarah Bernhardt, or one of the pattern-figures out of history, like Julius Caesar, stern, martial, conquering hero who—see Quintilian and elsewhere—when he was a young man, painted his nails and rouged his cheeks and was known as the Queen of Bithynia, because of his relations with its monarch; or like Cleopatra, seductress, wanton, serpent of the Nile, but who, we read, spoke five languages and nine dialects, and was so temperate in her wine that the pious Roman frauds writing their Augustan chronicles had to invent a magic ring supposed to keep the numberless cups from going to her head. So much just here about other people is out of proportion no doubt, but it is fun and it will serve; for we can come back now to Mae West, a step that is always easy even for those who profess to be bored or horrified. She is, to repeat, as abstract as the figures I have mentioned; or as a song, good or bad; or as the circus.

And one of Miss West's secrets, though whether she knows it is thus and keeps it so I have no idea, is what, outside of business of course, she herself thinks of it all and of herself. How beautiful does she think she is, how brilliant, how dramatic? But no matter what she thinks, there must be few indeed who take this lady for a raving beauty, all curves and damask roses, the serpent of the Hudson, East River and Long Island Sound, the bird of Fire Island. Nobody believes that she has passed from one romance or passionate episode to another, or would care if she had.

Nobody would say she had great glamor, allure, et cetera—who else in the theatre has these days? But she does have something to hold your attention, she does create a howling, diverting mythology of glamor; you watch her as you watch an animal in a cage, tigress or cinnamon bear. Her cultural motifs and her ideas go round in a circle; they all come to one conclusion in fact, which seems to be that every woman has the lure and that every man can be had, and which seems dumb and flat only when she fails to insist on it as bold and true and as a theme to be accompanied by her special sway of knees and hips, her pauses, her unerring delivery and her tone—as a Frenchman once called out at the Paris opera, that nose has a remarkably fine voice. The result of all this at its best is riotous and is theatre, take it or leave it. The humor is healthy and masculine, more bar-room than glandular. With capital showmanship—the best on Broadway—it ultimately, as Lucian would say, invites your incredulity. For one example—Miss West may or may not be pleased to hear so—but when Potemkin rushes into her chamber, booted and spurred, and they hurry to bed, putting out the lights as they go, and his various garments are flung on to the forestage, the effect on the pulse is about the same as that we got from the stern lady some years ago, when we were trying to control it evidently, passing out leaflets on birth control at the entrance to Grand Central Station. This, of course, is the fun of the West occasion. This is a perfect case of where Miss West's fun is all male and wholesome. And what, to pick out a single instance, could be a better corrective for the silly adhesive muck that Miss Bergner brings to the original fun intended for "The Two Mrs. Carrolls" than the whole Mae West sex fable?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Practically speaking, it would be only friendly to urge Miss West as a dramatist to stick somewhat closer to this very showmanship of hers. The motivations of her play need more distinctness and more variety, and the scenes themselves some cutting down or out. And if, for example, Rabelais is to be mentioned as being taken to bed by the Czarina, there is need, for Broadway audiences, of some greater explanation as to what this Rabelais is and why his book is chosen above one of Voltaire's. As for Miss West's Voltaire—not without echoes of Shaw's Monsieur Voltaire, friend and mentor of Catherine's—some persuasive citation or quotation of his might well be included. For instance they speak of Catherine's plays being performed at court. Well, there is that remark of Voltaire's when he said that the theatre was the most delightful of pastimes known to men and women when more than two of them are met together.

STARK YOUNG

To Be and Not to Be

IN "HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO" I find that the deficiencies in Preston Sturges' work, which were noticeable enough in his other movies—that is: his unwillingness to alienate anyone in his audience and his equal unwillingness to be a technical innovator or even to say the little he does say in a vital movie way—are present in this new movie to a degree that makes it seem as rotten and confused inside as it seems pleasant and successful outside.

"Hail the Conquering Hero" presents the daring wartime-movie theme of lampooning the American public's worship of returning war heroes, which it does well enough, along with being amusing and pointing up some of the foolishness of small-town politics and civic affairs. It tells how six overindulgent Marines forcibly return a boy (who is afraid to tell his mother that he was discharged after three months in the Marines for having hay fever) home as a disguised hero of Guadalcanal. The people in his home town destroy all the good intentions of the idea by blowing it up into a gigantic celebration that ends with the boy being nominated for mayor. Sturges makes his point about the evils of such hysterical overadulation by the almost automatic device of making his hero the most sympathetic possible kind of boy who suffers terribly from being a failure as a fighter for his country, and who therefore will suffer most from the consequences of undeserved adulation. The more terrible you feel the consequences will be to this boy, who is a very honest Marine Corps worshiper, the more evil the public's demonstration seems to you.

Sturges makes such demonstrations seem more evil by pointing up the brainlessness, hypocrisy, and complete self-indulgence of the demonstrators themselves. He gets wonderful results from his players, his direction of them and his casting, and even though his insights into provincial character and manners are of a meager, stereotyped nature, his people have the look of and exude the small-town soul. There is, for instance, the wonderful actor who plays the perennially defeated reform candidate for mayor; this person presents a masterpiece of patient, stern-eyed virtue with overtones of a horrible inferiority complex from having been beaten so often as a candidate. His rival's campaign manager, played by Alan Bridge, looks as if he had been soaked for twenty years in all the vices and foolishnesses of a small town and endures it with the saturnine triumph of a man who feels vindicated in all his worst judgments. One of Sturges' great abilities is for filling the picture full of this kind of hard, cold, mercenary character, and then making him intriguingly bi-natured by giving him an equal amount of warmth and sweetness.

The picture is funny enough, but less so than any previous Sturges film, partly because it is intentionally more straightfaced than the other Sturges jobs, but also because of its restricted sense of what there is in provincial life to laugh at. The big farce scene, the celebration at the station, is typical of this sparse insight, with its concentration on some hoary laugh formulas—Franklin Pangborn's sissy-britches hysteria, the music which comes in at the wrong time, and the canned welcoming speech the little girl tries to recite from memory. With a station full of small-town Americans, the lack of imaginative satire is striking.

The instinctive proficiency Sturges exhibits in most departments of movie production doesn't hide the fact that he is dead set against evolving a movie style that is basically his own or a cinematic one. His films only express their stories to a subordinate degree out of their visual material, and the feelings aroused by that visual matter are of the shallowest sort. The stories get told by sound track mostly —"Hail the Conquering Hero" is a talking derby—and the motion pictures illustrate the sound track. Sturges, however, peppers these illustrations with inspired acting, diverting secondary business like the campaign manager's lifting the top of his piece of pie to see whether the insides are any good, and then he makes the illustrations appear very real and fills them with activity, so that you get a stuccoing of good surface entertainments which only seem to be related to an inner form and life. The times in this film when the people do something that is emotionally evocative amount to little more than spots on the whole surface of the picture. There is a notable bit when one Marine is brutally beaten up by the other five, one love scene gets just the soft, lovely emotion it should by the way Ella Raines embraces Eddie Bracken (Miss Raines has, by the way, a likable lack of screen-lady forwardness and self-conceit). But even at best the emotional effect of the picture is slight.

After all, Sturges' prevailing interest is in not giving himself away, anywhere. There have been few movies, even from Hollywood, which so confusingly and insistently say one thing and immediately its opposite, so as not to be caught seeming to stand solidly for anything. For instance, at the point where he has a chance to clinch emotionally the theme of his film—when the hero unmasks himself to the townspeople as a phony, by showing the humiliation and lunacy of everyone concerned, Sturges evades the whole issue revoltingly and runs off to a happy ending. One of the most disgusting episodes takes place when Sturges realizes that one possible end to such a fiasco is a lynching, and facetiously has his townspeople go for the boy in a parody of a movie lynch mob; but they aren't going to lynch him, they're going to elect him mayor anyway. In a film entirely devoted to preaching against overadulation of our war heroes, he has the townspeople elect the boy mayor, because, as one character says, "You don't need reasons in politics."

MANNY FARBER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bandwagon

WANTED—Overseer for the grounds of modern cemetery in Louisville; lifetime position for man with vision and experience. – *Want ad in The Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Bilbo Blows His Top

To be more specific and in a more direct reply to your insane, egotistical and pusillanimous request that I resign as chairman of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia or "ex-officio mayor" of the District of Columbia, let me say to you and every member of your incongruous gang, go straight and jump into the abyss of perdition, and may I add further that you bespatter your muddled, twisted, swiveled, infinitesimal suggestion of brains on the brimstones in the bottomless pits of a perpetual hell, and that your seared, diseased and ill formed carcasses fry and sizzle for trillions of years beyond doomsday in the external fires of the damned. – *From a letter of Senator Theodore Bilbo (Miss.) to James L. Branca, chairman of the Communist Party of the District of Columbia, reprinted in The Congressional Record.*

On the Home Front

See Elsie's [The Borden Cow] Wardrobe Trunk
In Our State Street Window!

Contains: Horn Polish, Night Cream, Tail Wave Set, Headache Pills, Hoof Ease Powder, Mouth Gargle, Day Cream, Parfum, Chic Hats, Smart Shoes, Hand Embroidered Blankets.

– *From an advertisement of the Fair Store in Chicago.*

First-Things-First Department

CABARET TAX CUT BILL SIGNED BY ROOSEVELT
Measure Also Lifts Debt "Ceiling" to 260 Billion

– *Head and subhead in The New York Times.*

Correspondence

Bombs Over London

SIR: Your readers may be interested in the enclosed quotation from a private letter just received from London, telling about life under the robot bombs.

New York City C. M.

[ENCLOSURE]

They are called doodle bombs, or buzz bombs, or flying bombs, or pilotless planes. They are terrible. I have some idea of explosive fire, and I have never been so angrily frightened as I am by the ugly approaching buzz of the buzz bombs. Please don't call me naïve if I say that it seems such an inhuman way of making war. But to me it is about the equivalent of gas, or microbe war; and what is particularly fiendish about it is that it employs a completely secret and new weapon, which is ordinary window glass. I recently rode in a bus through one of the larger business districts, and the first sign that a buzz bomb had burst nearby was the glass along the streets. It was being methodically swept up, but as the bus rode deeper into the street there was more and more glass and it was being shoveled now into trucks, and farther up there was still more glass, the whole street being covered by the jagged green particles; and while at first in the houses down the street the bus was passing one or two windows had been missing, here now not a single piece of glass was to be seen in a window for blocks. Can you imagine the blast-forced shower of glass that hit that street, and the people on it? The bombs themselves are destructive enough, but the evil thing they make of glass is horrible indeed. Think what it would do to an American city with its high glassed walls!

This is how the warning works. It is a siren wail that rises and falls; the imminent danger signal is a triple blast on a klaxon; that means that a bomb is coming in the direction one is in; I never recognize the buzzing of the bomb itself until it is quite near. I usually mistake a plane for a bomb or the other way around. Most people go on about their business, others become very nervous, some seem to propel themselves into a shelter, but others are foolhardy. There is now an army rule that the superior officer is responsible for the safety of the subordinates; so usually one is chased into the hall, away from glass. The buzzing by now is very loud and sounds as if something were wrong with the mechanism of the bomb. It always sounds like that; also the bomb almost always seems to be directly overhead. Then suddenly it stops, and one counts. Usually at the count of five the flat, dull explosion is heard. If you can imagine degrees of pleasure in a horrible explosion, you would still say that the doodle-bomb explosion is very unpleasant, perhaps because it is not very loud, and it is very dull, and somehow disappointing. If the explosion is close, the windows move, sometimes a bit of putty falls off the window frame.

In the evening coming home from work in the bus there is great curiosity among the passengers as to the new damaged areas; everybody stares through the windows, and exclaims and points. For some strange reason, old women seem to get the biggest bang out of the bombed areas. They seem to take almost a personal satisfaction at the amount of damage done, almost a personal triumph in windows blasted out of a landmark. The soldiers riding almost never look up; it is the civilians who worry about their city.

The doodle bombs are terrible, yet in a way they are not as terrible as people who have experienced them think. I saw panic just once. The night I returned from B—— the train was very late, and when we arrived in London all transportation had stopped. There were hundreds of us at the station. No tubes, no buses, no taxis. I started to walk through very dark streets, and I reached a completely deserted part of London, where I seemed to be all alone. Suddenly the buzz of a buzz bomb came, louder and louder, and at the same time I heard running footsteps, and a man ran around the corner and straight into me, and he was saying "Bomb, bomb." I grabbed him, and pushed him against the wall (I don't know why against the wall), and suddenly the bomb seemed to be coming from another direction, and I shouted, "Around the corner, quick," and we both ran around the corner and crouched, until the thing had passed and had flat-banged.

I repeat, I hate the damned things, and I will never get used to them, and you can imagine how the British soldier feels in Normandy, whose wife and child are in London.

The God-damned Germans; oh, the God-damned Germans!

STAFF SERGEANT N. A.,
London, Eng. U. S. A. A. F.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

White-Collar Workers

SIR: We were greatly interested in your recent editorial [The New Republic, July 3] on the position and problem of white-collar workers. We are glad that you pointed out the importance of strengthening national unity by integrating this group more fully in our national life and economy, for the National Council is devoted to the proposition that white-collar and professional people must work together with other groups in the interests of swift victory and a democratic, prosperous peace.

The National Council was set up as a permanent mechanism for coöperation among the many professional and white-collar organizations by the 69 major national organizations, representing some three million professional and white-collar people, at the Second National Wartime Conference of these fields held last June 2 and 3 at the Hotel Commodore, New York City. This conference brought together some 200 leaders of these organizations to discuss how the professional and white-collar fields could ensure the full mobilization of their skills and talents for the national welfare and the special problems of these groups in connection with making their maximum contribution. With representatives of government, labor and industry, they discussed their role and position in the American economy in panels on full employment, standards of living, international collaboration of the professions and postwar readjustment and retraining.

OLIVE O. VAN HORN
Executive Secretary, National Council of Scientific, Professional, Art and White-Collar Organizations
New York City

Save the Jews of Europe!

SIR: I am afraid that the non-sequitur of which Laura Z. Hobson complains in her letter in your issue of June 19 is not the only example of poor logic in that letter. It is obviously silly to say, "So you don't want to save the Jews of Europe!" to Miss Hobson when she insists that the measures of salvation ought to include a demand for open doors in America and in the other countries she enumerates. But it is just as obviously irrelevant to cite statistics for 1938 and 1939 as proof that the Emergency Committee to Save the Jewish People of Europe is making "serious mistakes."

The Emergency Committee was organized in July, 1943, for one specific purpose: to get as many people as possible out of the death trap of Nazi Europe. It presented a definite program of action including demands for a governmental agency, for havens of refuge in neutral and Allied countries, for free immigration into Palestine, and for psychological warfare that would create opposition within Axis countries to the Nazi policy of extermination. It sought to awaken the conscience of America and it challenged the inactivity of Roosevelt and Churchill.

Now the Emergency Committee is supporting Senator Guy M. Gillette's resolution 279 which urges the President to expand the program of Refugee Shelters to a magnitude in keeping with the vast resources and the generous spirit of our country. It is agitating for similar havens of refuge in other United Nations and it is also continuing its propaganda to open the doors of Turkey and of Palestine. . . . We are not concerned with postwar immigration; we are deeply concerned about saving the surviving Jews of Europe right now.

Miss Hobson fails to show how it would expedite the rescue of these Jews to point an accusing finger at the callousness and indifference of this country in the years between 1933 and 1939. Neither are we accusing Great Britain of closing the doors of Palestine in that period, of turning back shiploads of refugees. We are asking both countries to open their doors now.

The Emergency Committee is insisting that the doors of Palestine be opened by Great Britain because practical considerations make Palestine the most logical haven for many thousands of potential victims: geographical proximity, available means of transportation and the willingness of the Hebrew population of Palestine to provide food and shelter for the refugees.

Authoritative reports from Europe today state that 400,000 of the Jews in Hungary have already been deported to extermination centers in Poland and that 350,000 more were scheduled to go there before July 24. Every one of these doomed people could have found refuge in Palestine had Great Britain permitted them to cross the borders. Nothing that she will do during this war or after can wipe out this blood guilt from the British conscience.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO,
Executive Vice-Chairman, Emergency Committee
New York City to Save the Jewish People of Europe, Inc.

Letters from Women in the Services

SIR: I am compiling a book of letters written by women serving overseas in the military services of the United States and will be grateful for copies of letters. A book of such letters, describing the experiences, thoughts and reactions of our enlisted women, I believe will not only be of interest to men and women at home but will be a valuable historical record, inasmuch as this is the first time that women have served their country overseas in the military services. Copies of letters should be addressed to Miss Alma Lutz, 22 River Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts, and should have noted on them the name, rank, branch of service and location of the writer; also the name and address of the sender and his or her relationship to the writer of the letter. Any originals sent for copying will receive good care and be promptly returned.

Boston, Mass. ALMA LUTZ

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Corporal W. E. C., a Negro soldier who is a classification specialist at an army air field, writes to us concerning the morale problem of 750,000 Negroes now under arms. W. E. C. does not agree with those Negro leaders who utter "protestations of patriotic fervor and high morale among Negro soldiers." Basing his opinion on the 10,000 cases of Negro inductees which he has handled personally, W. E. C. says: "American Negroes have no desire to return to the old days; they have the requisite fear and hatred of the past with all of its dual standards of democracy, its astounding paradoxes, its bitter gall and abject cringing . . . its negation of the American Dream. They have faith (more than the requisite) and hope in the eventual resolution of the conflicts which have prevented the realization of the ideals which minority peoples throughout the world have associated with the magic word 'America.' It is in the present, with the universal disillusionment in which I [and] the 750,000 live . . . that morale fights the losing battle. . . . Negroes are unable to reconcile the present . . . with professed war aims. . . . Morale is low."

Dr. Tehyi Hsieh, director of the Chinese Service Bureau, Boston, writes to express the pleasure of the Chinese communities in the United States and Canada that the Canadian government now permits persons of Chinese origin to travel through or visit Canada. Our readers will remember that the Canadian government was persuaded to take this step through the exposure in two American magazines, Asia and the Americas, and The New Republic, of an incident involving an American girl of Chinese race. This girl, en route between New York and Ann Arbor, Michigan, where she is a student at the University of Michigan, was forced to get up and dress in the middle of the night and leave a Michigan Central train in the railway station at Buffalo, because that train traversed Canadian soil for a short distance between Buffalo and Detroit.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Review

A Knight of the Infinite

BIOGRAPHIES of the great masters are unnecessary. Living in humdrum domestic bliss with their gifts, their huge families are their whole story. Resembling each other more than they resemble anyone else, their lives seem too atypical to illuminate either their age or the human heart. The artists whom we want to know personally, and Hopkins is one, are those whose relation to their art is romantically difficult, full of rows, infidelities, miscarriages, strain, and Miss Ruggles deserves our thanks for a neat, competent job.[1] Both as an eccentric poet and as a Jesuit, Hopkins invites an all-or-none response, but she manages remarkably well to keep her balance. Apart from a few careless phrases out of the Poetry Appreciation Class, *e.g.*, "the stanzas seem to rock and rend themselves in a long ecstatic intolerable shudder, an all but physical movement," her comments on his poems are sensible and suggestive, and in her treatment of his faith, she has so far succeeded in concealing her own beliefs that this reader may be quite wrong in suspecting that she finds Jowett more congenial than Pusey.

There are two eternal classes of men, the Knight and the Bourgeois, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, Holmes and Watson, Pascal and Montaigne, the man who is capable of excess, and the man who is not. Each needs the other: the Knight needs the Bourgeois to nurse him and laugh at him, the Bourgeois needs the Knight as a subject for absolute devotion. Alone, since the former can never remember the finite and the latter can never perceive the infinite, each becomes a killer, the Knight by violence because he begins to despise life, the Bourgeois by sneers because he begins to fear death.

The pure types, the ideal comradeship, are, of course, to be found only in books, but in fuzzy, faint forms they occur quite often in real life, and the friendship of Hopkins and Bridges is one example.

Bridges was a poet and if it has always been difficult for a poet not to think of himself as a Knight—since the Romantic movement it has become almost impossible—how could a refined esthete, educated at Eton and Oxford, be, nevertheless, a Sancho Panza? Bridges' devotion, therefore, to a man whose heroic rejection of the esthetic he could not understand, his preservation and publication of greater poems than his own which it lay completely in his power to suppress, is extraordinary and enormously to his credit. Hopkins' other friend, Dixon, was a minor Knight, so that their relationship is less surprising but more touching. "Can I do anything? I have said something of the institution of your society in my next volume of Church history, which is not yet published. I could very well give an abrupt footnote about your poems, if you thought good. You may think it odd for me to propose to introduce you into the year 1540, but I know how to do it." The lance is only an umbrella, but the voice is Don Quixote's.

The affectionate exasperation of the Bourgeois is one form in which the Knight finds the necessary corrective for his excess; another is the impersonal discipline of an order, military or monastic, and among such, the most uncompromising is the Society of Jesus. It is unequivocally Catholic, yet prefers as recruits those who by nature are protestant, not conformist; hence its double insistence that the will shall be surrendered, but that the surrender shall be a free choice. It demands the monastic virtues of chastity and poverty, and then demands as well the military virtues of an active life in the world; hence its exercises in the *use* of images, in contrast to the conventional contemplative training in their rejection.

Compared with his fellow-novice Kerr, a cheerful old bruiser and Crimean veteran, Hopkins, unbusinesslike, rather sissy, must have seemed to his superiors unpromising material, and very probably they shook their heads over him to the end. It cannot, after all, have been easy for the officials of an order founded to preach and teach, to be enthusiastic over one who from the pulpit compared the seven sacraments of Mother Church to the seven teats of a milch-cow, and in the classroom, "from a quixotic sense of justice towards members who failed to attend, refused to allow his examination questions to refer to his lectures, so that students only came to find out what would not be set."

What the Society of Jesus did for Hopkins is clearer: it did not make him happy—only Wales could do that—it prevented him from writing much and from finishing even the little he did get written, but it turned an esthete, no better or worse than half a dozen bright young men of the sixties and seventies, into a serious and unique artist.

In the child who wailed when shut up with his sick brother, "Cyril has become so ugly," one hears the voice of Wilde; in the undergraduate's journal, "She had made a call, she had met the Miss Finlayson, she had done some shopping, she had been round half the place and seen the nakedness of the land, and now it struck her how hateful was Clapham. Especially she abominated the Berlin woolshop," the voice of Firbank; and there are lines in his weaker poems like "The Bugler's First Communion," which show how constantly he had to struggle against that confusion of the religious with the erotic to which Whitman succumbed. Again, there was in Hopkins, as in most people whose senses are abnormally acute, an impulse towards their *derèglement*. To a skinny boy who, to compare his endurance with a ship-wrecked sailor's, can go without water for a week (some say three), the road that Masoch and Sade took is always open. It is precisely to such natures that Loyola's exercises are designed to give meaning and purpose, and "The Wreck of the Deutschland" is Hopkins' witness to their success.

Miss Ruggles points out how directly much of that poem derives from his experiences as a novice in his Long

[1] Gerard Manley Hopkins: A Life, by Eleanor Ruggles. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 305 pages. $3.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Retreat. The objective wreck of the ship is counterpointed with the subjective breaking of the self-loving will. (Someone could make a comparative study of "The Deutschland" with other poems dealing with disastrous sea-trips, like "Un Voyage à Cythère," or "Le Voyage" of Baudelaire, and with the death of the self, like Rimbaud's "Un Saison en Enfer.")

Miss Ruggles also draws attention to the intellectual support that the neglected philosophy of Duns Scotus gave to Hopkins' feeling for esthetic uniqueness. Here, as in so much else, Hopkins was ahead of fashion, and translators from the German *Existenz* school might, for instance, find a worse equivalent than *inscape* for that stumper *Dasein*.

He didn't matter: he had a silly face; he was a martyr to piles; he bored his congregations and was a joke to his students; he fiddled around with Egyptian and with Welsh and with Gregorian music; he wrote a few poems which his best friends couldn't understand and which would never be published; after forty-four years he died. Yes, like Don Quixote. His poems gloss over none of the suffering and defeat, yet when we read them, as when we read Cervantes, the final note is not the groan of a spiritual Tobacco Road, but the cry of gratitude which Hopkins once heard a cricketer give for a good stroke, "Arrah, sweet myself!"

W. H. AUDEN

The Bhagavad Gita

The Bhagavad Gita. Translated from the Sanskrit, with notes, comments and introduction by Swami Nikhilananda. Foreword by William Ernest Hocking. New York: Ramakrishana-Vivekananda Center. 403 pages. $3.

THIS NEW TRANSLATION and commentary of the great Indian classic has the same brilliant ease and almost incredible sense of rightness and, as it were, natural clarity that characterized Swami Nikhilananda's volume, "The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna," which was reviewed in these columns two years ago. This edition of "The Bhagavad Gita" has a foreword by Professor Ernest Hocking. The extensive introduction involves a commentary that is gracious, useful and altogether of the first water.

The scheme of the edition is to print the translated text verse by verse, accompanied in each case by the commentary of Sankara (788-820 A.D.), the greatest exponent of the Vedanta system of philosophy in its strictly non-dualistic form. Sankara's commentary is in turn followed by the notes and interpretations of Swami Nikhilananda, the translator.

This volume of a great Indian religious classic is no mere flourish in scholarship. "The Bhagavad Gita" is still read and lived by, studied and believed in, among many millions of men. As Professor Hocking observes, "The Lord's Song" had an important message to a people whose religious ideal tended to be contemplative and mystical, who had the genius to reveal to the world that ultimate goal for thought and reverence sometimes called "The Absolute." The message was the meaning of action, the justification even of warfare in the light of union with the Ultimate.

This volume may be regarded as a direct answer to those who either believe or who profess to believe that the Indian spirit rests on the idea of retreat from the world of action and affairs. It is thus at this particular moment of the highest importance to our international understanding, if on no other plane, more lustrous, shall we say, and eternal.

STARK YOUNG

"His Majesty's Opposition"

China Looks Forward, by Sun Fo. Introduction by Lin Yutang. New York: The John Day Company. 276 pages. $3.

THIS VOLUME of speeches and articles by Dr. Sun Fo, president of the Legislative Yuan of China, was originally intended for Chinese audiences only, "especially the younger generation who are being reared in war and are now preparing themselves for the tremendous task of national reconstruction in postwar China."

Reading this mine of information and hopes, so clearly and simply written, one can readily understand why the author has been given a high position, but no power, in the Chinese government. His critical mind, his broad reading and his deep desire to see liberal democracy and a form of state socialism introduced into China are not representative of the ruling Kuomintang party, of which he is a member. The fact that he is the son of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, father of the Chinese Republic, accounts for his decorative position and for the fact that he can exercise the civil rights denied the rest of his countrymen. Describing his position in China, a Bishop of the Church of England, writing me from Chungking a few weeks ago, says that Sun Fo may emerge as "His Majesty's Opposition."

This book opens with a speech, "Sun Yat-sen and Soviet Russia," delivered in March, 1940, following Dr. Sun's return home from his second mission to Moscow. The historic facts he gives are at complete variance with those dished out to us by official Kuomintang propagandists. This chapter is a tremendous tribute to the achievements of the Soviet Union. He remarks: "When comparing our achievements with those of the Soviet Union we find that in the years which have elapsed since Dr. Sun Yat-sen's death, we have little to show."

He quotes Stalin as saying that China is old, but can rejuvenate herself and become a great and powerful nation, and he himself believes that the Soviet Union's achievements consist in having brought to fruition the "Three People's Principles" originated by his father. These principles—national liberation, democracy and improvement in the livelihood of the people—which he explains with great lucidity, could "deliver China and be universally applied," he declares. He believes that what the Soviet Union has done, China can do. However, he labors under the illusion that the Kuomintang is the instrument with which this could be done. He believes the Kuomintang (representing as it does the ruling, owning classes of China) can be argued into changing its ways.

His faith returns even after it has been slain a hundred times. He stands speaking and writing before that Great Wall of Chinese special privilege, self-interest and proto-fascist-feudal mentality, hoping to move its heart. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

21 Fascinating, Exciting, Charming, Interesting Books About the American Scene

During the past few months we have been adding titles on a subject that is popular with our readers—well written, factually accurate studies of American life, especially in its adventurous, romantic, eccentric or violent phases. Here is a growing library that's devoted to Americana. Each book is 5½x8½ inches, with fairly good paper and legible type. The average length is 15,000 words, which is just about right for a complete report on some attractive subject. One of these books will provide you with an evening's interesting, instructive and amusing reading. Take your pick at 25c each, prepaid. Any five books for $1. Or order all 21 titles in this AMERICAN SCENE LIBRARY for $3.95, prepaid.

HERE ARE OUR NEW BOOKS ABOUT AMERICANS

WILD BILL HICKOK — King of the Gun-Fighters. By Allison Hardy. 25c.

FUNNY STORIES ABOUT HILLBILLIES. By Vance Randolph. 25c.

AMERICANS WHO THOUGHT THEY WERE GODS. Colorful Messiahs and Little Christs. By Vance Randolph. 25c.

FUNNY STORIES FROM ARKANSAS. By Vance Randolph. 25c.

TALL TALES FROM THE OZARKS. By Vance Randolph. 25c.

GUN-FIGHTERS OF THE OLD WEST. By Wm. Y. Shackleford. 25c.

BELLE STARR, THE BANDIT QUEEN — The career of the most colorful outlaw the Indian Territory ever knew. By Allison Hardy. 25c.

CONFESSIONS OF A BOOZE-FIGHTER. What happened when an alcoholic took the Keeley Cure. 25c.

GEORGE GERSHWIN AND AMERICAN MUSIC. By Isaac Goldberg. 25c.

A REPORT OF THE REV. J. FRANK NORRIS MURDER CASE. The trial of a gun-totin' Texas preacher. By Marcet Haldeman-Julius. 25c.

A BOOK OF AMERICAN BANDITS. By Anthony Gish. 25c.

THE DIARY OF A NIGHT-CLUB HOSTESS. Realistic pictures of a colorful phase of American life. By Irene Dale. 25c.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ABORTIONIST. Lifting the veil from a tragic side of American life. The true experiences of a doctor who performs illegal operations. 25c.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A "MADAME." The complete life-story of a keeper of numerous brothels in American cities. 25c.

SAM BASS, THE TRAIN ROBBER. The life of Texas' most popular bandit. By H. N. Castleman. 25c.

KATE BENDER — THE KANSAS MURDERESS. The horrible history of an arch killer. By Allison Hardy. 25c.

A REPORTER IN THE OZARKS. A close-up of a picturesque and unique phase of American life. By Vance Randolph. 25c.

THE MORMON PIONEERS, OR THE GREAT SALT LAKE TRAIL. By Allison Hardy. 25c.

THE BALD KNOBBERS. The story of the lawless night-riders who ruled Southern Missouri in the 80's. By H. N. Castleman. 25c.

BUFFALO BILL CODY — SCOUT AND SHOWMAN. By Wm. Y. Shackleford. 25c.

CARRY NATION OF KANSAS — WHO FOUGHT THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC WITH A HATCHET. By Anton S. Booker. 25c.

At 25c each the above 20 books cost $5, but if you order all 21 at one time we will let you have them for only $3.95, prepaid.

Many more titles which are now in preparation will be announced soon. Watch for our advertisements.

HALDEMAN-JULIUS PUBLICATIONS, Box 1400, Girard, Kansas

ORDER BLANK FOR BOOKS ABOUT THE AMERICAN SCENE

HALDEMAN-JULIUS PUBLICATIONS, Box 1400, Girard, Kansas.

Enclosed find $....., which is payment in full for all titles checked off in the list of American Scene Books printed in this advertisement. Prepaid. 25c each, or any 5 for $1.

If you want all 21 books listed in this advertisement please remit $3.95 and make an X mark here.....

NAME ..... ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kuomintang, he says, has not lived according to the principles to which it pays lip-service. It is now a "dictatorship and tyranny" which has "forgotten the very substance and *method of democracy.*"

One interesting chapter reveals his attempt, in 1940, to induce the government to introduce a state rice monopoly which would have prevented in part the disastrous inflation which has since almost ruined the people. His plan was rejected in part, and "inflation given a free ticket to heaven." An extract from the facts which he piled up at that time, to change the heart of the ruling party, follows:

> We can take Szechuen [the province in which the government is located] to begin with. The tillers of land in this province are mostly tenants; rents are as a rule paid in kind, from 60 to 70 percent of the rice harvest, to landlords. . . . As things are going now, the landlords will continue to acquire land and hoard rice . . . grow richer and richer, without a thought of contributing their share to the war effort. . . . The millionaire profiteers of this war have also acquired great estates. The government could not mobilize their wealth without serious resistance.

The book is peppered with exposés of the vicious exploitation of the people, some 80 percent of whom are peasants. He tells of usury which has reduced the peasants to a state of feudal serfdom. "We are lazy good-for-nothings," he cries out at the Kuomintang, charging that some of the highest officials are the worse offenders; he writes of the time spent in gambling and gossip, with men waiting for the war to end so they can return to the movies and dance-halls of Shanghai.

In an address before the official San Min Chu I Youth Corps last year, he continues his harsh criticism. This corps produces puppets, he says. "The first thing they learn to perfection is how to click heels at the mention of, or mere reference to, the Supreme Leader." He admits the corps claims no allegiance from youth, but fails to tell that it is modeled on Hitler's Youth—and for the same purpose. He thinks it can be reformed, and its members trained to introduce local self-government in China. Of village government, he says:

> *Village government is . . .* the private preserve of the corrupt gentry and rapacious landowners. Since the war, the tyrannous grip of these local leaders over the village people has been tighter than ever. Taking advantage of the government measures for the collection of grain and the conscription of soldiers, these people have increased their power for evil-doing, at the expense of the helpless peasantry.

The mountain of cruel facts which he piles up in order to arouse his countrymen to the internal and foreign danger facing China, has made no dent in that Great Wall of official pro-fascist mentality. Considering this, his condemnation of the Chinese Communist Party and its Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies, have a superficial and hollow ring. He gives only the official view of the Kuomintang-Communist conflict, and demands that the Eighth Route and New Fourth Armies submit themselves totally to the Kuomintang and relinquish control of the territory which they have liberated in the north and into which they have introduced the very system of democracy and improvement in the people's livelihood which Dr. Sun urges, in vain, the Kuomintang to introduce into territory which it controls. Dr. Sun, unfortunately, has not taken the time and trouble to visit those regions, though many foreigners have. For the Chinese Communists to submit themselves to Kuomintang rule today, before that party has totally changed its practices, would be nothing less than treason to the Chinese people and nation. Dr. Sun Fo is in the wrong camp.

The last half of this book, devoted to a study and interpretation of the thought and social trends in the Western world, is rich with knowledge and thought. Americans who wish to know the mind of Chinese liberal democrats cannot afford to ignore it. A chapter, "The Mikado Must Go," is a sharp criticism of certain Americans and Britons who want the Japanese Emperor left on the throne on the utterly false theory that he is not the willing instrument of Japanese warlords. Some Americans will shrink at the hatred, justifiable indeed, in the author's statement that Japan must be "so beaten and crushed and pulped and pulverized that it will not dare dream of aggression for a hundred years." His twelve points for peace with Japan are also enlightening.

Occidental postwar planners who dream of doing in Asia what they will, should pause long enough to read the postwar plans here discussed. The Chinese demand the end of every form of imperialism in Asia. They demand a free and independent Asia, racial equality, a high standard of living for their people. Dr. Sun Fo voices the opinion of the majority of Chinese when he warns his people *against future economic imperialism in China* over which so many American bankers and business men are licking their chops. He wants no postwar "orbits," "spheres of influence" or balance-of-power politics. He wants an international body of free nations to maintain peace, law and order.

But: "We must hope for the best and prepare for the worst," he warns his people. Considering the present trends in the Western world, he believes another global slaughter may take place within ten or twenty years. This third world war will take place, he says, if such theories as those of Professor Spykman, or those published as a memorandum by the staffs of Life, Time and Fortune magazines, are adopted by the Western world. Certain Western schools of thought which advocate that Japan must be left strong enough to balance against a hypothetical Chinese imperialism or, possibly, a Chinese-Soviet bloc, can lead to nothing but another war, he declares.

The book abounds in ideas with which progressive Americans can agree and for which they can work, though it is marred by occasional statements, *e. g.*, one against birth control for China, with which only reactionaries can have sympathy. Despite such aberrations, however, this book will enrich the knowledge of anyone reading it. In a way it is historic, for it is the first expression of a Chinese democrat —and a socialist of sorts—which has appeared in book form in this country. On many points Dr. Sun does not express the views of advanced Chinese democrats. All of them, however, will agree with his campaign for a democratic, even a socialist China. Dr. Sun wants a good life for his people and for the world. Whether he gets it or not will depend in large part upon which groups in China the American government will support. AGNES SMEDLEY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Expert on Italy

The Development of Modern Italy, by Cecil J. S. Sprigge. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 216 pages. $2.75.

CECIL SPRIGGE'S "The Development of Modern Italy" is the work of an expert who has studied Italy for twenty years, first as a correspondent for The Manchester Guardian, then as a BBC specialist. He is and remains a journalist, but of the sort typified by Gedye, Macartney, Voigt, Werth, Garrett and other such that Britain still knows how to bring forth. In this country, there is a dangerous no man's land between the point of view of the correspondent, often candid and fearless, but lacking in perspective, and the inhibited academic mind, crouching low amid its stacks of statistics. The columnists and commentators are supposed to fill in the gap, but their hasty information is no match for sustained attention on the spot, plus the classical scholarship of Eton.

Sprigge's aim in his book is to provide the background and perspective. He surveys Italian history from 1840 to the March on Rome in 1922 and, in disdain of "hot" up-to-the-minute developments, attempts to show that most of the ills of Italy, which our official quacks would cure by a return to 1920, have their roots in the whole history of United Italy. His theme is:

> Fascism was essentially a phenomenon which acquired life from the failure of the [vested] liberals of Italy to dispossess the small class of intriguers and traffickers who loomed intolerably large in the governmental system prior to 1915. It represented the absence, from the leadership offered by Italian liberalism, of men of firm principle, capacity for sincere utterance and contact with the everyday problems of the country. It represented the breakdown of the positions of authority held in part before the last war by such superior men, of whom as individuals Italy has never been and never is in want. The breakdown was procured first by an insurrectionary socialism of poor quality, which immolated the ideas of freedom and of the nation, to a hasty appetite for popular triumph, and secondly by fascism, that connubium between the small class of outworn politicians whom the socialists enraged, and the counter-insurrectionary forces set in motion throughout the country—among the "small men" as among the rich—by the long exasperation of an unfulfilled social-revolutionary threat.

With such a thesis the reviewer finds himself in complete agreement. The tragedy of the old conservatives, "men of stainless rectitude," who ran the country up to 1876, lay in that

> most of their class felt that the relative preservation of order and property rights through the struggle for Italian unity had been something of a fortunate miracle. This miracle they associated with the Savoy monarchy. . . . In their haste to unify Italy by the crudest conceivable method of extending the Piedmontese system to the whole kingdom, Cavour and his successors had very severely damaged the more retrograde areas of the peninsula. . . . The discontent then became incarnated in men of less distinguished status and of less certain disinterestedness; the agitation became localized in the region of lowest culture and enlightenment.

It was another "reconstruction," with all its attendant mistakes.

BORZOI BOOKS

THE TEMPERING OF RUSSIA
by Ilya Ehrenburg

The famous Soviet war correspondent here presents a memorable eye-witness record of Russia at war, on both the home and battle fronts, in the terrible days before victory was assured. A vivid and searching account of that nation's agony and heroism, and of Nazi terrorism. $3.00

POST-WAR MONETARY PLANS
by John H. Williams
Vice-President of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, Dean of the Graduate School of Public Administration, Harvard University

An analysis of the official American and British proposals for an international monetary organization, an investigation of the fundamental problems of international adjustment, and a suggestion for a more flexible and less formalized approach to currency stability. $2.50

Winner of an Alfred A. Knopf Fellowship in Biography
GEORGE BANCROFT
Brahmin Rebel—1800-1891
by Russel B. Nye

Our first major historian, who also served his country as Secretary of the Navy, acting Secretary of War, Minister to England and Minister to Prussia. The life of this remarkable man is also a political and cultural survey of America through its most formative decades. $3.50

ALFRED · A · KNOPF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCIENCE EDITOR WANTED

Exceptional Opportunity

Leading school encyclopedia, officially approved for use in elementary and high schools, needs an experienced, top-caliber science editor for a period of from one to two years.

Full-time basis preferred, but it is possible that a part-time arrangement can be made.

Extensive practical editorial experience in the field of science is indispensable. The editor desired is one who has done and can do editorial work and rewriting on the copy of others, and who can also supervise the writing or editorial work of others in person or by mail.

Articles to be revised would range over all the fields of the natural sciences, and would include both long and short articles by specialist contributors. The articles will be copiously illustrated, and adapted to the school reference needs of children in grades 4 through 12.

The work of the Science Editor would include preparation and supervision of preparation of outlines and specifications for articles; selection of contributors and arranging with them, either personally or by mail, for revision, or rewriting, or newly written articles; the editing and supervision of editing of contributors' copy; bringing the copy to the point of readiness for the typesetter.

As this is a very responsible and important assignment, the publishers are prepared to pay the right man (or woman) enough to make the job decidedly interesting. The compensation will be generously adequate for corresponding experience and ability.

For qualified applicants interviews will be arranged, and where the candidate is located at a distance, traveling expenses will be paid for any interview arranged by the publisher.

As correspondence with applicants will be held in the strictest confidence, letters should go fully into matters of education, editorial experience, and the applicant's reason for feeling himself (or herself) specially qualified for this work.

Please address letters to Box No. 535, THE NEW REPUBLIC.

See these 3 McGRAW-HILL books 10 days on approval

1. PRODUCTION, JOBS, AND TAXES

Postwar Revision of the Federal Tax System to Help Achieve Higher Production and More Jobs

By Harold M. Groves, University of Wisconsin. Committee for Economic Development Research Study. A penetrating survey of federal tax problems affecting the encouragement of business enterprise in creating high levels of production and job opportunities. Discusses 16 aspects of corporation and individual taxation and shows their integration into a workable tax program. **116 pages, $1.25.**

2. THE LIQUIDATION OF WAR PRODUCTION

Cancellation of War Contracts and Disposal of Government-owned Plants and Surpluses

By A. D. H. Kaplan, University of Denver. Committee for Economic Development Research Study. Analyzes the scope and nature of problems involved in cancelling war production contracts, in disposing of war goods surpluses and government-owned plants and presents concrete proposals for reconversion. **133 pages, $1.50.**

3. RAYMOND CLAPPER, WATCHING THE WORLD

Edited and with a biographical sketch by Mrs. Raymond Clapper. The cream of Raymond Clapper's work of the decade 1934-1944, selected from his columns, broadcasts, and articles, and reflecting the outstanding events of those crucial years as appraised by an alert, informed, unswervingly honest mind. **407 pages, $3.00.**

SEND THIS McGRAW-HILL COUPON

McGRAW-HILL BOOK CO., 330 W. 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.

Send me the books encircled below for 10 days' examination on approval. In 10 days I will pay for books, plus few cents postage, or return them postpaid. (Postage paid on cash orders.)

1 2 3

Name.....

Address..... Position.....

City and State..... Company.....

(Books sent on approval in U. S. and Canada only.)

NEW. 8-21-44

Such was the situation handed on to those expert political trimmers, Depretis and Giolitti, who ran the country for two generations on patronage and intrigue, thus preventing the growth of political education. The second attempt at "forcing" national unity during World War I resulted in a collapse. Today, the much-talked-of Risorgimento is taking place at last, amid tens of thousands of partisan dead, and it has started where it should, from the bottom: a process that the embarrassed allies are trying to befuddle but cannot impede.

Sprigge does not give full recognition to the role of the socialist idea, and treats all that side of Italian history with a certain dainty diffidence, typical of the English liberal mind. There are, too, some puzzling mistakes and omissions; why no mention, *e.g.*, of Cattaneo, the most forward-looking "federalist" of the Risorgimento, or of Pisacane, its best revolutionary leader? But the treatment of the whole is fair and comprehensive. The concluding short-term advice given to Britain is "to keep the first contacts with Italy upon an empirical level." Would it had been followed with an open and principled mind from the beginning.

GEORGE DE SANTILLANA

Multum in Parvo

Infants Without Families, by Anna Freud and Dorothy T. Burlingham. New York: International University Press. 128 pages. $2.

THIS LITTLE BOOK, reporting with great lucidity and succinctness the observations which the authors have made in a residential nursery in England during the war, attacks a problem which is going to be of fundamental importance to this generation: What are the possibilities of developing whole personalities in an institution, as compared with an ordinary proletarian home? This is a question of great theoretical importance at any period in history, but for us who will have to rebuild a world in which millions of children have been orphaned, and many will inevitably have been reared in institutions, it is crucial.

The authors can only comment on the development of children up to the age of five, and cannot yet project forward into adolescence and adulthood the character structures of the children over whose infancy they have watched in one of the most imaginatively and skillfully run nurseries in the world. This latter point is important, for they are not reporting on a run-of-the-mill institution, but on one in which great skill, warmth and training was concentrated. This skill and personal care was so great that the children I saw in Hampstead nursery in the summer of 1943 bore no marks on their faces of social typing or of institutional care.

The authors conclude that in those aspects of life in which it is desirable to develop a child's instincts relatively unchecked by environment—especially in developing a good lusty appetite and in learning to walk, run, climb—the institution can do better than the home; but in those fields in which it is necessary to check and pattern native tendencies, habit training and relationships to persons of both sexes, the home does better, and no institution can make up for the home's lack. Where it is important to leave the child free, an institution can provide a setting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which is at one time safe, permissive and facilitating; but where the child needs the help of its love for a single person if it is to control its impulses, the institutional mother at best is a sorry substitute, and an institution in wartime can do almost nothing about the father. The carefully selected, telling illustrations point up how the institutional child lives in a world in which other children have families, not in a pure institutional world, and so must compensate in daydream and fantasy for the absent fathers and mothers. "All children have nice mummies, but Hannah [a young nurse] must come to see her Kitty on Sundays and bring her cake. Kitty has no nice mummy, that's why she has her Hannah." Whether one believes that the need for parents is biologically determined, as the authors do, or may well be socially patterned, as the authors show curiosity to be—for curiosity about parental love-making is replaced by curiosity about institutional patterns of night shifts and medication—hardly matters, in the relevance of the argument. Not only those interested in the development of young children as such, but those interested in the whole emerging pattern of social life, and the role of the nursery school in taking over those functions which the home—especially the economically limited home—can do least well, will find great stimulation in this modest, significant book.

MARGARET MEAD

The Source of Nazi Power

The Nazi Economic System: Germany's Mobilization for War, by Otto Nathan. With the collaboration of Milton Fried. Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press. 378 pages. $4.

IN A LIST of recent books on Germany—I'm thinking of a recommended reading list for Messrs. Vansittart, Ludwig, Nizer, Fadiman, Stout and other explorers of the German soul—this scholarly and objective study of the Nazi economic system should rate a high place. There is, of course, nothing in the book to suggest that its author is interested in entering the "what to do with Germany" debate which has become so sterile because it increasingly revolves around the insane proposition, advanced by the above-named gentlemen, that the whole German people are responsible for the crimes of Nazism. But as it deals with economic institutions now operating in Germany, not with the vagaries and pseudo-theories of paranoiac German-haters, Mr. Nathan's survey is a timely and welcome contribution to the debate.

The liquidation of Nazism and all it stands for is predicated on the disappearance of the social forces which helped it into power and profited by its continued existence. Among them were those who, in Mr. Nathan's words, were interested in "the maintenance and, if possible, extension of the power and privileges that go hand in hand with the extreme maldistribution of wealth and income in capitalist society." His detailed examination of institutions regulating and controlling industry, agriculture, money and banking, labor, prices, etc., convinces the author that Germany's capitalist fascist-makers got exactly what they wanted. For Germany's planned economy, substituting over-all direction for the autonomy of the market mechanism and having as its predetermined purpose the

Shall we again be wise *too late?*

THE

Tyrants' War

AND THE

Peoples' Peace

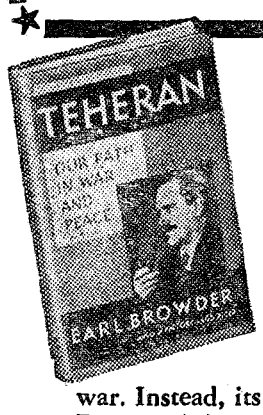
By FERDINAND A. HERMENS

ROBERT M. MacIVER, author of *Towards an Abiding Peace,* says of *THE TYRANTS' WAR:* "No book could be more timely; none is more needed at this hour. . . . Exposes the disguised Nazism of those who attribute all the evil in mankind to the people of Germany and the people of Japan."

An urgent plea for moderation in the coming peace terms in the hope that a working democracy can be established in Germany and a system of collective security with *teeth* established in Europe.

$2.75
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

"The invasion was launched in full accord with the Russians and the decisions reached at Teheran."— WINSTON CHURCHILL



Take the Teheran decisions at their face value . . . put them to work in the post war world . . . and you get continued peace — better paying jobs — a fuller life for *all peoples* for generations to come.

Browder believes that the Anglo-American-Soviet Partnership is a going concern. It won't go bankrupt after the war. Instead, its policies will extend to Africa, Europe, Asia and South America in business — political — and social relationships. Read this book for its clear sighted picture of what *you* can do to win the peace. Get your copy right away. $1.50

TEHERAN *OUR PATH IN WAR AND PEACE*

by **EARL BROWDER**
President Communist Political Association
Author of "Victory and After" a book which sold almost 500,000 and still going strong.
Order from your bookstore, or send check or money order.

INTERNATIONAL

Write for Complete Catalog
INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS • 381 FOURTH AVE. • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOTION PICTURE

ALHAMBRA
CASTLE HILL
CHESTER
COLISEUM
81st STREET
86th STREET
FORDHAM
FRANKLIN
58th STREET
HAMILTON
MARBLE HILL
125th STREET
PELHAM
REGENT
RIVERSIDE
ROYAL
23rd STREET
WESTCHESTER
MT. VERNON
NEW ROCHELLE
WHITE PLAINS
YONKERS

NOW RKO

A Thrilling Emotional Experience
MAXWELL ANDERSON'S
Stirring Pulitzer Prize Drama
"THE EVE OF ST. MARK"
Screened from the Broadway Stage Hit
with Anne BAXTER
Michael O'SHEA William EYTHE
A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
—plus—
"TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT"
with Phil Baker and 26 Screen Stars

"A commanding screen biography."
. . . Crowther, *Times*
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S WILSON
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
On the Roxy stage . . .
FRED WARING and his Pennsylvanians
ROXY CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES

STAGE PLAYS

MICHAEL TODD *presents* BOBBY CLARK *in*
MEXICAN HAYRIDE
by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS • Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
AIR CONDITIONED

CRITICS' PRIZE PLAY THE THEATRE GUILD presents (In association with Jack H. Skirball)
JACOBOWSKY and the COLONEL
The FRANZ WERFEL - S. N. BEHRMAN COMEDY — Staged by ELIA KAZAN
LOUIS CALHERN—ANNABELLA—OSCAR KARLWEIS
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
AIR COND. MARTIN BECK THEATRE — 45th W. of 8th Ave.
Evgs., 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30

INVENTS BIRTH CONTROL

Slide rule, important in the determination of woman's periods of sterility and fertility. The birth control slide rule, invented by Dr. Francis W. Baxter, consulting psychologist, shows these periods at a glance and its use offers a dependable, ethical and healthful method of controlling conception. Leading ecclesiastical and medical authorities endorse it. Stop using harmful, unreliable and costly contraceptives. Order the birth control slide rule now. Simple to use; details fully explained. As a limited special offer, send only two dollars to **DR. FRANCIS W. BAXTER, Socioanalytic Research League, One Sixteen E. 11th Street, New York City 3, N. Y.** If over twenty-one, send at once.

creation of a war machine, unlike the state-owned economy of the Soviet Union, "was a totalitarian system of government control *within the framework of private property and private profit.*" (Italics mine. – H. E.)

If punishment of the capitalists who played ball with Nazism is feasible in view of their unsavory role in Hitler's drive for world conquest, the German working class should be given encouragement and helped to take over governmental power after Hitler's fall. Not only was the German working class the first victim of the capitalist-fascist conspiracy, but it also remained Hitler's most dangerous enemy within the Reich. While the Nazis could atomize the labor movement, they could not abolish labor. The present impotence of the working class, as Mr. Nathan shows in one of his chapters, is precisely the reason why it needs our support. Moreover, the almost complete disappearance of a vigorous, democratically minded middle class, mainstay of democracy in the Western countries, has left the working class as the sole social force which can and must be trusted in post-Hitler Germany.

Mr. Nathan's study is the most complete survey of the Nazi economic system to date, certainly out-distancing the relevant chapters in Neumann's monumental "Behemoth," but not quite supplementing Gerschenkron's detailed study of German agriculture, "Bread and Democracy in Germany," or Brady's more empirical account of the German cartel system in his "Business as a System of Power."

HEINZ H. F. EULAU

Contributors

SIDNEY HILLMAN, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' union, is chairman of the CIO-PAC and of the National Citizens' Political Action Committee.

LT. BRUCE BLIVEN JR. is fighting with the field artillery in France. A graduate of Harvard, he is a former member of the staffs of The New Republic and The New York Post.

WILLARD WIENER was formerly on the staffs of The New York Post and PM. He is the author of several books, the latest of which is "Four Boys and a Gun."

DONALD BARR was born in New York in 1921. In 1941 he was graduated from Columbia University, where he specialized in mathematics and anthropology, and where he served as editor of The Review. He was engaged in research on motion pictures before entering the army.

W. H. AUDEN, English poet and playwright, is now teaching at Swarthmore.

AGNES SMEDLEY spent 12 years in China as a correspondent and author. Her most recent book is "The Battle Hymn of China." Miss Smedley is now at Yaddo where she is working on a play and another book, both on China.

GEORGE DE SANTILLANA was born in Rome and came to this country in 1936. He has taught at Harvard, and is now an assistant professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

MARGARET MEAD, associate curator of Anthropology at the Museum of Natural History in New York City, is now on wartime leave as Executive Secretary of the Committee on Food Habits of the National Research Council in Washington. Her most recent book is "And Keep Your Powder Dry," published last year. Dr. Mead is a specialist in studies of the relationship between personality and culture.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED